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Wandering Chords



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BY

JOHN WARD STIMSON

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Wandering Chords

POEMS

BY

JOHN WARD STIMSON

(Author of "The Gate Beautiful")



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THESE WANDERING CHORDS

that have floated through the strings of different literary instruments, during an otherwise busy professional life, are gathered by request, merely to recall to a few intimate friends some varied human hopes, experiences, trials, sentiments and affections, still lingering about a maturing harper and his harp.

J. W. S.

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ERRATA

- Page 8, 3rd line from top read *sing* for *string*.
" 20, 5th " " bottom " " *his* after *does*.
" 27, last " " " *nor* for *not*.
" 65, 2nd " from top " *mystic*.
" 66, 3rd and 5th " " " 'Tis for *This*.
" 89, last line " " *Gods* for *God's*.
" 92, 12th " from bottom " *who* after *him*.
" 92, 10th " " " " *Who* for *How*.
" 108, 9th and 11th " " " *thy* for *the*.
" 117, omit " *thy* " 2nd line from top.
" 145, 13th line from bottom read *taste* for *haste*.
" 164, top title read *Nuova* for *Nouva*.
" 199, 12th line from top read *aloe* for *alol*.
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DEDICATED TO

Martha-Gabrielle

(IN HEAVEN)

I LOVED her when her cheek was fair in May,
And when her heart was budded to its prime;
I loved her in that tender elder day.
When softened was her hair with silver rime.

I loved her when Spring blossoms burst to bloom,
And when the fruit had ripened in the sun;
I loved through hours of joy, and hours of gloom;
And when the precious sands of Earth had run.

I loved her when she lay upon my breast
And when she slept so calm serene and still
Beside God's humble flowerets — at rest —
Within the circling bosom of the hill.

I love her now, exalted, free, and far,
Within that Boundless Being of the Whole!
I love her as she sings from star to star
Encompassing my spirit — SOUL IN SOUL!

Invocation

I STRING no lyre to Pride or Power,
To Strife or Fate,
But string my hymnals of an hour—
The meek—not great !

The morning madrigals of Love !
The bliss of Vision !
The thrush song in the throbbing grove !
Earth's human Heaven !

The sower's lay at break of day
As forth he goes ;
When larks sing to pink-lip'd Spring—
And blooms the rose !

Under the leaves Earth's bosom heaves ;
He drinks his fill !
Till the full rose and the harvest goes—
And the year is still !

My Southern Nightingale

I HEARD thy tender voice, sweet Love,
That called erstwhile, across the void;
It dropped—like moonlight—from above
When faith and hope were nigh destroyed:
It came and settled like a balm
Within my bosom—still and calm.

The world has proved too rude and wild,
Too brutal far for birds of peace;
Too dank and bleak for Nature's child,
And almost made fond Love to cease!
But thy sweet notes awoke the air
And bade me banish all despair!

The days had grown too sad for me!
I loved the long nights deep and clear
When stars drooped down and came so near!
Then love sang low, and rich and free!
—I know the fragrance of the year!
—I keep thy voice—in heart and ear!

Southern Nightingales

OF all the strains of music
They trill who flood with song
The summer days till evening,
Or midnights rich and long,
There is no bird so plaintive,
Nor yet so wild and gay,
As Southern mocking-bird, so sweet
When moons are up—they say.

My heart knows well that music!
I've dreamed it—O so long!
I heard it in my slumbers,
It filled my soul with song!
'Twas crushed—'twas killed within me
By northern cage and bars!
But still 'tis in my moonlight!
—'Tis singing in my stars!

The Spirit's Hour

My mocking bird, full oft, in vesper twilight still,
Croons in a low refrain, to south winds southing
by;
And tunes his glowing throat to echo back each trill
Of far off fading notes, from warblers in the sky.
When every murmuring chord has sunk beneath my
reach
He sits, alert there still, himself the sound to teach.

So with that "Still Small Voice" that broods o'er poet
soul,
So sacred sweet and low—mysteriously shy!
Ye cannot catch its call, nor hear the chariot roll
When fanning seraph wings and thundering hosts
go by,
Except in holy tryst ye wait— nor deaf nor blind—
Like weird Æolian harp wooed by the whispering
wind.

Then breathe the mystic spells that haunted Orlean's
maid;
The trump that summoned Troy; the Sibyl leaves for
Rome!
Then drops the Manna Dew; then breaks the Magic
Bread,
While thousand souls are fed that to the master come!
Then John on patmos hears—then Paul by wayside
sees
The heavenly Light-of-Life, while fainting to their
knees!

Christ-Tide

Friend, accept these Christmas lines from me,
Borne on the gentle wings of modest minstrelsy.
For Love is like the ever-verdant pine
More fresh and deathless as the days decline.

See how serene and peacefully it stands.
Made all the fairer by the whitening lands.

Look ! Dost thou watch the winter solstice grow ;
Orion's diamonds gleam—the Pleiad tapers glow ;
The shimmering moon mount through her mystic
skies
Leading the beacon lights of Paradise ?

Hush ! Dost thou note how every crystal rill
Each pearly brook, each limpid lake, lies still ?
Each blithesome bird, each flower in forest glade ?
And over Earth her snowy mantle laid !

Hark ! Hear it burst—the chime of Christmas bells !
O'er mistletoe and holly seraphs breathe their spells !
He comes ! with love aglow and pity warm ;
A million cherub hearts cling to his holy arm !
'Tis Love that lives and reigns with Life Divine !
All hearts are one tonight—so mine with thine !

His Time

I ASKED the good Lord, frankly,
To grant me once a prayer.
He seemed to keep it from me—
I swooned in blank despair !

The night lay dank about me,
The shades were tightly drawn,
I woke—and cast them from me !
The gift was there—by dawn !

Damascus

("Not disobedient to the Heavenly Vision." Bible.)

GACH soul, upon the path of life, beholds
A Revelation!
And the fair "Beulah Land" unfolds
To each one's station.

The sacred Spirit comes, with thrilling voice,
And lo—a Vision!
Then is the hour of holy choice—
Decision!

Faint soul of man, by mystic angels led,
Obedient be, and ready!
So, safely, bravely by the Master led,
March steady!

Thus shall thy way of joy grow strong
In full endeavor;
And thy bright path through Heaven prolong
—Forever!

Windows

FORGET not thou O man! that, like the rose,
The lily also in the garden grows;
The crocus springs; the cowslip bursts to bloom,
Wherever God appointeth it its room.

So many Windows are they, whence His Spirit
bright
May reach the earth and radiate His Light!
Thyself art one—thy soul a messenger!
Upon this speeding star—a passenger!

The Magi

THE magi came at Christmas Tide,
Into the night, with gifts resplendent!
Coursers, camels, robes of pride,
Wealth of satellites dependent.

They came with pomp, they came from far
And followed fast—the "Morning" Star!

Lo! in a cradle made of hay
A monarch from the heavens lay.
Was it a king, in glory dight?
No! 'was a Child—in pink and white!
It, too, had travelled alone, from far,
And came in the arms of the "Evening" Star!

Which of the twain shall we worship most?
The star with the train and the splendid host?
The star of Triumph, the star of Power?
—Or the star that twinkles at twilight hour,
The Love Star tender? Now watch and see:
It is the Magi that bend the knee!

Ah! splendors of wisdom, pride and wealth;
Glories of genius, knowledge, health;
Powers of busy brain and feet;
All of the treasures of earth complete;
Spirit of Beauty and Love! at last,
At thy sacred feet, all crowns are cast!

Stronger than Death

DRIFT winter winds! Drive chilling frosts!
The strength of love is *what it costs.*
The strain we bear for our Ideal
Is that which proves us true and real!

For Love is not that fleeting name
Feeding itself on Passion's flame;
But that serene, celestial Fire
In which our baser selves expire!

It is the pure unsullied snow
That journieth where the winds blow.
It cometh—whence? It goeth—whither?
Ah! 'tis a shaft from God's own quiver!

Its wing is wide—its flight is long;
And deathless is its Death Song!

Arma Virumque

Who is the hero? Not the brave
Who on the field of glory sleep;
Immortal banners o'er them wave
And the proud states their vigils keep!

Who is the hero? 'Tis the slave
For whom the gentle angels weep;
Who toiling onward to the grave
Has but his tryst with God to keep!

Who is the hero? 'Tis the weak!
The martyrs, prophets, poets, seers
Who, through the long nights dark and bleak,
WATCH—till the Lord-of-Life appears!

Feste-Burg

("Having done all—stand." Bible.)

THE long brave battle is complete!
Our rugged veterans have swept the hill!
About are faint and fallen at our feet
And the loud clarion halts us—"Still!"

The Truth has vanquished and the sullen foe
Has struck his colors and surrendered sword!
The terms God grants him, tho' we may not know:
"Be still and patient!" is the Captain's word.

Strong sunlight sweeps the war fog from the crest;
Soft breezes fan each pained or fevered brow;
Our swords in scabbard, and our arms at rest;
"Halt! and take respite"—is the order now.

So sweet the ministries that angels bring,
And bright the garlands gathered at the gate!
Dost thou not hear the prophets and the martyrs sing:
"They also serve who only stand and wait"?

Soldiers of Truth—thy mighty battle done—
Rest now, in patience on His Promised Word;
Thy warfare ended, and thy victory won,
Stand still—and see *The Victory of God!*

Success

TO this great Truth, O Son! for aye take heed!
"Success" is in THE DOING—not THE DEED!
Do well thy task; and give each hour's concern
Not to the praise—but to the *Truth you learn*?
Guide thou thy hands—not to the lure of gold—
But to the *Power for Excellence* they hold;
The Seeds of *Beauty, Truth, and Good* they cast!
The Soul's eternal Triumphs!
These shall last!

Saint Valentine

TRUE deathless Love is not
That breeze that comes and goes,
Nor is it that faint fragrance
That fadeth from the rose.

Nor is it that still beauty
That haunts the pearly shell;
Nor soft and trembling music
—So sweet—that there doth dwell.

Ah me! It is that Something
That grows within a seed;
That struggles up to Beauty,
To Fragrance, Music, Deed!

Still in those roots 'tis living!
'Tis slumbering in the shade!
It cannot pass nor perish!
For not by Earth 'twas made!

Gay or Grave

I ASKED her: "In Love, is Life playful?
Or is it profound (as to me)?
—The foam with the sunlight of day, full?
Or deep like the depths of the sea?"

She smiled as she answered me slowly,
With voice that was tender and low,
With deep eyes so vast and so holy:
"If you *feel* it—I think you will know."

Then I looked in my heart and I found it!
At morn it was blithe like the light;
But at evening when twilight surrounds it
'Tis richer and deeper than night!

Constancy

WHERE thou goest I would go !
With the rise or fall of tide,
In the ebbing or the flow,
Where thou bidest I'd abide !

Nothing other would I know,
Over earth or under sea ;
Nothing that the world can show
Would I share apart from thee !

On thy breast my heart would lean ;
In thine arms—beside thy cheek !
Nothing half so dear hath been,
Bravely true and tender meek !

Oh, Beloved, I am thine,
Though the stars fall from their skies !
All the constellations shine
In the vortex of thine eyes !

When the angel choirs ring
And the trump of God shall call,
To thy heaven my spirit bring !
Be my Eden—all in all !

Spiritual Comradeship

SWEET friend, so fair, serene and pure,
I turn to thee as toward my compass sure,
Not with the flickering flame of vain desire
But for the soul's deep fountains to inspire !
I dare not covet—As with evening star
I watch, I wonder, and I worship—from afar !

The Victor

SELL me what is brave and strong
In Life's battle task so long !
Is it hidden deep in history?
May the seer discern its mystery?

It is not the lion tawny,
Nor cold glinting Croesus money !
Croesus and his hoard have perished ;
All he grasped and saved and cherished ;
And the lion in the wild,
Slaughtered fell by dart of child !

I will tell you what is strong :
He that watcheth all night long
By the bed of loved and lost ;
Counteth all that love hath cost —
As the death damp settles o'er it,
And the heart hath broke before it,
And the pale lips pant and quiver
By the dark bank of Death's river !

Shall I tell you what is brave ?
'Tis to stand beside the grave
Of a Hope forever thwarted'
Of a Joy forever slaughtered ;
But to stand and battle on
'Till the victory is won !

Go and find me now a monster
From the jungle or the mountain ;
I will find you some sweet songster,
And the laugh of gurgling fountain !
But the monster's name shall perish,
And his bones shall deck the mountain ;
Yet the Songster — God shall cherish !
Ant the Earth shall guard the Fountain !

Bring me now a mighty warrior
Who hath slaughtered many a foeman;
Time shall chain him in its barrier,
And the stars shall blight his omen!
They shall chase him in their courses—
Sizera fled, with all his horses;
 And Belshazzar at the feast
 Saw his power and pride had ceased!

Do you think the Christ was weak
When he stood so wan and meek
Struck by blow of brutal soldier?
Tell me, pray, which man was bolder,
 He who struck—or he who stood
 For the Victory of the Good?

Do you think *that* Love is best
Slumbering on its idol's breast
When the night lamp glinteth low
And the heartbeat pulseth so?
 When the curtain's softly drawn
 'Till the purling of the dawn?

No! That Love is deeper, stronger,
That must ever onward wander;
Knowing well its wealth of rapture
Is too choice for time to capture!
It is tender—it is meek,
And its voice too low to speak—
 But it scaleth Heaven's wall
 At the Trump-of-Gabriel's call!

There, within celestial chalice,
Far from sorrow, pain or malice,
Free from worldly blight or stain,
Thou shalt find *such Love* again;
All that wealth of Passion tender
Robed in angel forms so slender;
 —Where the seraph choirs are pure,
 And the Peace-of-God is *sure*!

Garlands

("Decoration Day")

GHE gathered garlands deck the soil
Which mark the hero's strife and toil.
From Marathon to Waterloo
There's ever some brave *deed* to do!

Be it the mother, at the birth,
Bringing some new soul down to earth;
Or weary father, at the plow,
While anxious furrows sear his brow;

Some brother, plunging in to save
Some sister from a watery grave;
Some sister sewing long and late
To help some brother to grow great!

How shall we measure "hero" blood
Which bears the brunt for human good?
There is no limit, standard, bourne
To the brave lives for whom we mourn!

Save that one limit—"what we can!"
Save that one standard—"perfect man!"
The hero springs at Heaven's call—
He does *Utmost*—that is "*All!*"

Precaution

IMET a lady fair, one springtime day,
I looked—she said: "You'd better look away!"
I looked again—with eyes too 'tranced to part;
She smiled —serene—then gently broke my heart!

Winter Stars

It is the frosty night
When, clear and strong and bright,
There bursts the Christ Tide strain
Above the year's dull pain,
 And tells of Love
 Far, far above
The sobbing rain!

I wander, lone and still,
Into the evening chill,
Upon the mountain side;
And watch this Christmas tide
 Descend again
 To suffering men
That here abide.

Enwrapt in sad surprise
I glance, with glistening eyes!
The stars seem low and near,
Brightening with influence clear;
 Streaming—so pure—
 So strong and sure—
As though to chide my fear!

They know my heart's lone cry
Lest with Love's wounds I die!
Spirits of God they seem
Parting the night's blue dream
 With candelabra rays
 Heralding heavenly days
Through golden gates that stream!

O, Life Divine, complete!
Hasten with eager feet,
My soul to heal!
See—'neath Thy stars I kneel!
 My battle won,—
 My Passion crown!
My Victory seal!

The Full Moon and the Bird

UPON my evening porch when south winds sigh and fan,
'Mid honeysuckle vines, I watch the full moon rise;
Fair Nature's great gold heart—whose veins bright liquid ran
With love and life aflame, when first she spanned the skies!
Ah me—what molten tide, with Passion's bliss aglow,
That swims and sways and throbs in Love's deep undertow!

My heart toward her doth melt, whose fingers twine my hand
With quiet pressures kind—yet need we never speak!
Forth from my latticed shade, our chorister so grand
—Our mockingbird—doth pour, pure from his bubbling beak,
A strain so rich and free—so ecstasy inspired—
Each heart has told its tale, and heard what it desired!

Full well the nightfays know, with woodlore wise and wild,
The secret these two tell—the Full moon and the Bird!
The moon's my own full heart, by Love's sweet ways beguiled.
The "Bird"—ah that's *my Bride*—whose *Song of Life* I heard!

Soft, low and deep, indeed! then bursting light with joys
Bright, tripping, rippling, rich—her witchery employs!

Sparkles

My Love and I are “sparking”
Amid the garden flowers,
To happy mischiefs harking—
So gay the sunlit hours!

O Life, that made the zephyrs
So wanton and so sweet,
The ewe lambs and the heifers
So light of playful feet:

The birds so full of love song,
The butterflies of glow;
The roses blush, the day long,
With Passion—Thou dost know!

Ah! Maker of Life’s longings,
Hast Thou a playful Heart?
And dost Thou joy in joining
Two lovers long apart?

The Diamond

They tell me of a diamond
They found in dust and sand
Its luster ever brilliant,
Its glories ever grand!
It was the light of *Beauty*
— Between the atoms frail!
It was the Star of *Duty*
— Whose splendors never pale!
It was the Flame of *Goodness*
— Whose grace filled all the room!
It was the Torch of *Genius*
— That banished all the gloom!

Commanded

IT was the breach of battle—and the cry,
Rose like a wall of agony: "They fly!"
The first battallion—over the right—
My bravest men!—All night
They've held, alone, that hill!
Great God! but for one hour still
'Till daylight come, and aid!

Hark! there, I hear the drum!—afraid?
What, every one?—to go
Across the valley, in the teeth of that fierce foe
—and tell?
Oh, some one must, though it be through the
mouth of hell!

Here! drummer boy! you're fleet;
Lighter than stags your feet;
Drop drum and all!
Haste to that wall!
And cry
To the brave men on high:
"Help is at hand,
Only stand!"

Fleet as a deer—fast he bounds!
Shot at and pierced through with wounds;
Blood stained his fair boyish hair;
Fallen! twice! thrice! but he's there,
And they hold with a cheer!
Hard pressed, worn down, but grim
With the bright news from him!

And when our fresh troops sweep
Over the foe—up the steep—
And the great fight was won;
When all was told and done;

There on the blood stained grass,
In a sleep that shall never pass,
Lay our boy—lay our pride !
And our tears though we hide,
Still I can see, now,
How the troops kissed his brow,
As the colonel's own voice said the prayer
Which had cried that “command” of despair !

As we laid the frail corpse to its rest,
Taking tokens for those he loved best,
“Mother's Bible” we found on his breast !
Then the sods fell—and choked was our breath ;
And we wrote over:—“FAITHFUL TILL DEATH !”

Boanerges

(“I answered thee in the secret place of thunder.”—Bible.)

THE forces of God's Word
Are hidden with the Lord :
From the shades of his pavillions
Doth he watch and ward the millions
Of his host.
Of all those ranks resplendent,
And the trusts on Him dependent,
None are lost !

Oh, wounded for his cause!
Dost thou tremble, then, and pause ?
Oh, souls so full of sorrow
And anxious for the morrow
Of his Sun !
'Mid the mystery and wonder,
From His “Secret Place of Thunder”
It is *done* !

Freedom

Now shall we sing Great Freedom's song
That marcheth on through ages long,
Her feet all scarred with shard and thorn,
Her back bent by the burdens borne?

What star is this upon Her brow?
—A gleam that yearns All Truth to know!
What song is ringing in her ears?
—It is the Music of the Spheres!
What pulse that fills her mighty Soul?
—A Mother's Heart that loves the Whole!

What Ephod, shot with glittering gems,
Shines vast between Her shoulder hems?
—These are the kindly gracious Arts
By which man grows his noblest parts.
What Girdle this, so broad and good?
—It is the *Band of Brotherhood!*"

What golden cords and silver line
—Enrap Her loins—Her garments twine?
They're Duty, Courage, Faith and Prayer,
And Hope triumphant o'er despair,
And Zeal that spreads the flame of Love
'Till every tyrant shackle's clove!
And Pity bending in the dust
And bearing scorn (where'er she must)
To lift, to lighten, to reveal,
And from that dust to God appeal!

This is Her Form—so grand and free—
That marcheth on to destiny!
This is The Mother of us all,
And this is God-born LIBERTY!

The Victory of Trenton

(Anniversary)

DARK! The beat of muffled drum!
Ragged veterans—straining fast!
Starved and bleeding—lo! they come—
Frozen by the wintry blast!

What is poverty or shame.
Shock, privation, wounds or fear?
Lo! their hearts are all afame—
Human Liberty is near!

Hounded by a despot lord,
Pounded by the river's ice,
“Fatherland” is still their word;
Priceless Freedom still their choice!

What is this we see today
Through the land where thus they bled?
Subtler tyrants still seek sway,
Sleek *Corruption* rears its head!

Hush the march, and still the trump!
Mock them not with brazen blare;
Purge the ballot and the stump;
Save the Nation—ye who dare!

Boast not of your patriot sires,
Of the blood they shed in vain,
While ye quench their sacred fires,
And your birthright sell “for gain!”

Who will fight as once they fought—
Suffer loss and scorn and shame,
That our land shall *not* be “bought,”
Not their Freedom fade—a “name?”

John Brown's Grave

(North Elba, Adirondack Mountains, N. Y.)

H FIERCE wild cry against the night!
A shot—a halter—and a grave!
Here lies the lion in his broken might;
There mounts the unshackled human slave!

Still now, and safe from every tyrant foe,
Upon God's uplands,—hush—he sleeps in peace!
The stern grand mountains, in their purest snow,
Guard like grim wardens—until warefares cease.

The murmuring forests with their mighty moan;
The lone shrill eagle 'mid the storm swept skies;
The age carved boulder of primæval stone;
Watch where the old saint's bruised body lies.

Hark! from the eagle upon widespread wing,
I hear that shrill scream, ever and anon!
Here by the sad grave humble birdlets sing;
There the Great "Ghost" goes marching on!

A Vision

OHEY tell me that John Brown is "dead;"
That he sleeps in his grave—in a bed
Of the rocks and the sands, and the snow
And the forests of long, long ago.

But I tell them I waive what they say
To the winds and the snowdrifts at play;
For at midnight—at Christmas—he came
In the moonlight—the stillness—the flame!

And he stood at my window—so white!
—With his granite face grim in the light;
And the Christ child was clasped to his side
As he said: “For this child I once *died!*”

Then turning as though they must go
They looked in my heart and said, low:
“There are so many millions to save
Should one *sleep*—in one’s *peace* in one’s *grave!*”

Elephantis

(On the beautiful group of mountains near Lake Placid, N. Y., called “The Giant Elephants.”)

STALWART and grand
“The Giants” stand!
Crystal rocks are their bones within;
Their pulse blood is the living spring;
The long scarred seams on their hoary hides
Are the gorges of the forest sides;
Their trunks on high, in sublime advance;
Their roar the mountain avalanche!

Emblems of TRUTH’s almighty power
They scorn the flight of the passing hour;
The mists and snows they little heed,
Coursing their rugged loins in speed;
The tempest flays their flanks in vain
With lightning’s scourge—with blightning rain!

The ages come, and the ages go;
The spring time flowers—the winter snow:
Clad in their robes of ermine white
They bare their brows to the polar night;
And the stars of God shine down, in light,
Upon their splendor of solemn might!

Selt Reliance

ONE thinketh he must "dine on meat."
Another "tastes but herbs,"
Adores conventions—this or that,
While Doubt his soul disturbs.

He trembleth at the breath of one;
He shrinks to suit another;
And seeks, by shutting out the sun,
His better self to smother.

They care not—cruel critics all—
Whose gain is other's loss;
Whose pride is only tinsel,
Whose virtue's showy dross!

The angel Death shall smite them—
The end of Time for all!
The heavenly test is: "*Who has lived*"?
But not their "codes," at all!

So—cast my casements open!
Let in the joyous day!
I love—this is my token—
I have not long to stay!

Hespera

‘**G**’WAS evening—in midsummer's hush
That Love came down—with Passion's rush!
—Only the angels saw her blush!

To Caiaphas

I CARE not a coin for your crown!
—Ye priests of the science of Self,
With phylacteries falling low down
But your prayers and your poses for pelf!
Ye climb to your steeples so high,
Yet mock at the heroes who die.

I care not a coin for your blame!
—Ye drones that lay burdens so vast
Upon Life with its rapture and flame,
Yet out of your temples it cast!
I gladly haste forth from your wall
To find Mercy and Beauty for all.

Ye trees that are barren of figs
—While ye rustle and flutter your leaves!
I fly from your convents of prigs
To gather life's sacredest sheaves!
Ye neither pass in at The Gate
Nor suffer the sad that there wait.

Go! gather your harvest of dust
And whitewash your charnel of bones!
Go heap up your coin—if you must—
And pile up your crumbling stones!
Build houses—till there be no room!
They shall fall at the first crack of Doom!

I care not a coin for your pride
It is false, it is barren and drear;
It is waste that is washed by the tide;
It is chaff—when the harvest is sere!
Let me live! Let me love till the last!
I will still live and love—when all's past!

Two Ways

A BRAIN—most vain for clarity—
Came marching down the road.
Said he: “I’m famed for charity;
I grasp—then give abroad.
My wealth is without parity,
I am—a little God”
Just then there passed “A carpenter.”
It was The Christ our Lord !

He bore the kit of toiler;
For daily tasks—the tools;
He wore the garb of moiler
(So much despised by fools:)
He passed that vain despoiler
Who sought His Heaven “by rules.”
Quoth Christ: “Good friend—a lesson
I’ve learned in Higher Schools.”

“Not all the pride of giving
Can lift from man his sins;
Nor in the pomp of living
Is where God’s grace begins.
Be *fair*—before you’re generous;
Be *modest*—ere you’re proud;
Do Justice and love Mercy,
Walk *humbly* with our God !”

Stephen Stoned

Ye did not give me Breath!
—I was sent here

With many a longing, faith and fear,
Into a globe like one vast swollen tear—
To save from death!

Ye did not give me Life!

—I came upon the breeze;

A murmur in the mulberry trees;
A spirit send o'er weltering seas
To still their strife.

Ye did not give my Dream

That night and day enwrapped my soul,
And bade it drink its bitter bowl,
And to the mighty Social Whole
Prove far more than I seem!

Ye did not give me Praise!

—For when the blows of fate fell fast,
And all the spite of Hell was cast
Full in my face—ye too, the last,
Yaur hands did raise!

Ye did not give my Song!

—Out of the depths there came A Voice to me
Saying: "Arouse! Rejoice! Look up and see!
Preach to the poor enslaved! Go set them free!
Loose their dull thong!"

And so I sang my Lay:

"God is a SPIRIT in the Earth and Air!
He breathes in atoms all that's good or fair—
Beauty for ashes! Fail not nor despair!
He brings The Day!"

The Living Church

WHAT great day cometh, saith the Lord,
“When, not on tablets stone,
My laws of Truth and Love I'll write,
But in man's nerve and bone.

“Within the *marrow of his soul*
The fibres of his heart,
I'll grave my Codex—as a Whole—
Nor scant a single part.

“No longer then shall steeples tower
To totter, strain and fall;
And upwards, in that sacred hour,
Shall rise no narrow wall!

“With heart to heart, and eye to eye,
The living—not the dead—
Shall be my Church, and in them, I
Their bridegroom shall be wed.

“Not Law, but *Love*, shall be my spouse:
My children those of *Deed*;
And Human Brotherhood arouse
From cant and creed and greed.

“United shall my church arise
From every clime and age!
Against the host of hell—midskies—
For Michael they'll engage!

“Victorious then, in heavenly peace,
With every foe o'erborne,
Sorrow and Death and Hell shall cease,
And My bright Crown be worn !”

Il Penseroso

OLD years! fond years! sad years!
Ah—Why so full of tears
For the love felt but half said
—To the living—to the dead?

O! why the waste and strife
When the fleeting cup of life
Is rich in sweetest joys
For the hearts that Love employs?

Like a chord that's lost—a strain
That may never come again,
Is the fragrance of those years
That were washed away in tears!

Lord of Life and Love! Once more,
Ere we're gathered to Thy shore.
O come to us again
With Thy Love—without the pain!

Magdalen

HEY brought me to the Master
And said—“She's devils seven!”
He bade *them* “take the devils,”
But took me—*into Heaven!*
“She sinned because she *loved much*;
She shall be *much forgiven!*”

They shrank away, revengeful,
A devil in each heart;
They tore His brow with brambles;
Through me they drove their dart!

—But Resurrection morning
I heard the angels call!
I was ‘*the First*’ to clasp Him!
I did “*outrun them all!*”

Buonarotti's Madonna and Child

(Medici Chapel.)

GRAND Sacred Mother! bending low,
Above thy boy, thy marble brow
And brooding on the coming years;
Thine aching heart seems strained to know
Its wealth of joy, its weight of woe,
Too deep for tears!

Thine ample bosom, rich and kind
Seems bending down, as if to bind
Its pent up agonies!
He drinks its tide, its ebb and flow;
And like a Giant seems to grow
To deathless destinies!

Madonna Mea! grand and true!
I clasp thy knees; I yearn to you
In speechless sympathy!
I am thy humble human child,
And thou our "Blessed Mother" mild,
By His "Fraternity."

Bind me, in Love, upon thy breast;
There firm in Faith and Trust to rest
Eternally!
Teach me, in strength like his to grow,
And live to him— like Angelo—
And Immortality!

Japanese Lilies

I sat in silence watching
Some bulbs of lilies grow,
When all about was wildness,
And all the land was snow.

My life had pined in sadness,
My heart nigh turned to stone,
Till memory was madness
And sorrow clove the bone!

Then turned I toward the lilies,
Whose roots were dipped in sand,
Whose tendrils grasped but rocklets,
While yet their Dreams were grand!

I fed their roots with water
As time had fed me tears;
I dipped their sands in moisture
As grief had dipped my years;

And slowly from the shadows
There grew a bloom of Youth,
A fragrance and a floweret;
—It was the Dream of Truth!

It was The Bulb of Beauty
That rose through grief and fall!
It was the Faith in Duty,
That conquered—all in all!

The Lily and the Rose

(A Harmony by Contrast.)

HERE grew a lily by a garden close;
And, just beside, there flamed a ruby rose.
Quoth lily: "Thou art fairer, friend, than I!
See how immaculate and cold I lie.
While all the summer odors pass me by!"

Then spake the rose unto the lily fair,
"Thou art so pure and white, I love thy air
Of stately chastity—thou vestal fine!
Would that thy gracious elegance mere mine:
Naught can thy classic lines and forms refine!"

"But," quoth the lily, "by thy purpled vest,
And all thy tangled passion, warm impressed,
I know thy Heart—afame with Rapture's wine!
Would that I had a fragrance such as thine!
Naught can such wealth of ecstasies combine!"

"O Trumpet of the Holy one—so white!"
Thus spake the rose: "Thy being, full of light,
Is matchless music! while my tangled leaves
Are ravished by the nectar hunting bees,
And I am swept and broken by the breeze!"

Then came an angel, in Auroral light,
And kissed the lily on that cheek so white;
And culled the rose and laid it on his breast;
And by its side the lily slept at rest;
And e'en the angel knew not which was best.

So passing through the Gate of Heaven, he trod
The pearly Path where shone the Throne of God.
And asked: "Which flower in Beauty, ranks above
Its fellow fair? Then with celestial nod,
God answered: "one is TRUTH, the other LOVE.

“Hast thou not read, in my First Book (of Truth),
How I refined pure patient Faith, in Ruth?
Yet in the Second Chapter (of my Love)
How the warm Heart of Mary I approve—
Though the red dart of sorrow through her drove”!

Then, stepping down to earth, the Godhead shone
Upon two hearts which Fate was making one;
He entered like “a Guest”—serene, divine;
The crystal Water changed to luscious Wine!
So burst the festal joyance into flame !
You know that Feast-of-Cana—and His Name !

Stabat Mater

O SERAPH of the starry zone
That sitteth by the open tomb,
Thou rollest back the ponderous stone
And bid’st the risen spirit: “Come !”

Thou sayest to him that falleth low
And clasps thy feet with humble prayer;
“Dear soul—look up from all below !
The Lord has risen ! He is not here.”

And to the weeping women, dear,
Who stand and ring their hands in grief,
Behold ! thou driest every tear,
And pourest, on their hearts, Surcease.

And lo ! as now we watch the Gate
We catch His streaming light afar;
And hear His tender voice: “Await !
I come—with My trinmphal car !”

Gavin and Babbie

(Characters in Barye's "Little Minister.")

GREAT Nature's heart knows every child
She bears from out her forests wild,
Or vales, or hills, or moors, or glens;
And whither each one's pathway wends.

She gave them birth—she gave them grace—
And breathed the poem of each face.

A stalwart soul, austere and bold,
Young Gavin's heart her faith shall hold.
While Babbie's, full of fire and grace,
Shall be the flame lines of her face !

Those flames shall melt and forge *his* force;
His iron shall shield *her* grace's course.

Take us, O mother Nature, then,
And bear us—in thine arms—again !
We long unutterably for Thee;
Into Thy bosom broad we flee.

Thine are the tides that fire our blood;
Thine are the dreams that o'er us flood;
Thine are our longings toward the good !

But what is Good? Great Nature, Thou
Alone canst tell—when?—who?—and how?
So let the voices of the blest
That stir us, lead us, too, to rest.

And in the place of void and chill
With Thy full Self our beings fill !

Abelard and Eloise

THE shadows of the moonlight break and droop
Across the cloister towers;
What noble faces these that fondly stoop
While toll the midnight hours?

The deep bronze bell sighs forth upon the breeze,
Laden from convent gardens, looking o'er the
seas;

'Tis Father Abelard and fair nun Eloise!

Ah Love divine! and long remembered vow!
Ye taught these hearts to feel.

Thine were the seeds: lo! this the flower now!
Their human senses reel!

Thy Beauty's fragrance floods the budding trees,
Thy mighty passion warms what cant alone
would freeze!

So Abelard enfolds his loved one—Eloise!

A form to clasp—a heart to trust and sigh—
This is thy dower!

Toll mighty music! roll down from on high!
Pour from thy tower!

Dull monks may sleep and drone upon their knees
But Genius wakes! and Love its human bliss
must seize!

So Abelard clasps tight his loved one, Eloise!

Ah thus we learn thy lesson from the past
And mediæval lore!

No veil nor vow, no lock nor key may last—
“*Love doth fulfil The Law!*”

Cold cell or seal, dull bolt and bar must cease!
Fond hearts come stealing through the moonlit
trees!

Love links to love!—like Abelard and Eloise!

Buddha Bell

I AM the "Buddha Bell"
That was born of a song and a sigh!
My strokes the long ages tell
As the children of men go by.
I breathe in the air and the sky,
My notes are the centuries' roll,
I bend to the low and the high,
And harken to Nature's soul!

I am the "Buddha Bell!"
My heart is of mellow bronze;
My old worn sides reflect
Her flowers and leaves and fronds;
And I glance to her waters below,
And gaze on her stars afar,
While my vibrant chords outflow
Without a single jar.

I am the "Buddha Bell"—
With deep voice soft and low;
I know Life's mystic spell,
Her tones as they ebb and flow.
Her choirs of Heaven and Hell,
Her anthems of earth and of air,
Are caught in my bosom's swell
And rung to Eternal Prayer!

To a Japanese Nocturne

(Of Birdlets Asleep in the Full Moon.)

THE night is still—the willows droop,
The film threads tangle all the sky,
The cloudlets swim through curl and loop,
The twilight sounds go murmuring by.

Wee birdlets, on the bending bough,
Fall nodding low, with breast to breast;
And he who has not sung enough
He is the Poet of the rest.

For lo ! the full moon rolling up
Will not awake them while they sleep.
She pours for them Nepenthe's cup
And doth her tender fledglings keep.

Great Mother God, across whose Breast
By night or day the planets roll,
Keep us, Thy fledglings, save at rest;
And be the Moonlight of our soul !

Fire Flies

FAIN'T, mystic fireflies, that glow
Along our path, as home we go,
When twilight shadows gently fall
And vesper bells begin to call.

Ye are the spirits of the plane
That light our fond hearts home again;
Ye are the twinkling lamps of bliss
That toss to us the hearth's bright kiss,

Thy fairy torches seems to be
The Pleiads of life's mystery !
They are God's constellations low,
That stoop to help the humble grow.

What would our summer evenings be
Without thy matchless witchery?
Sweet falling stars ! Ye bring us Heaven
Close down to Earth, to make it Eden !

Midsummer's Evening

BENEATH the velvet shadows of the night,
Through tangled depths of dewy summer grass;
The firefly legions float, in mystic light,
And back and forth, in mazy dances pass!
They flash and fade—they glint and glide—full
soon
Through the soft clasping fingers of the moon!

Dark branches weave their trellised interlace;
And, through them, flash the stars of Heaven aglow!
Across their depths the constellations race,
Mingle and melt with those that beam below!
They blend their magic influences, rare,
With odorous flowers that haunt the summer air!

Wafted from woodlands that are far away,
Or gardens close, now ripening with the year;
The tang of thyme, sweet Marjoram, new hay;
The crispy notes of crickets—on the ear!
The stir of cattle; tinkling bells of sheep
That clink and clash, so gently—moved in sleep!

Deep breathes the Earth, with Love's sweet under-sigh;
And bright beams Heaven, with radiant overglow;
Rich is the Rapture! and the Gods draw nigh!
The fairies find them, and the elfins know!
So too, O Love! we mortals catch thy bliss!
Thy magic trances—till we *clasp and kiss!*

Stars of Midsummer

DEEP, soft and rich the blue of night
Settles o'er all the landscape wild;
The woods are still, the eve is light.
And I am hushed—as Nature's child.

I dread no care, sourcil, nor pain,
But fix my heart, and trust in God.
The year has ripened all my grain,
And brought to bloom my golden rod.

Hush, now, my soul, in Nature's arms,
New born, within, from doubt and care;
From all the vain world's false alarms;
They fright not where God's angels are!

Dark clouds above—like clouds within—
Are rift by silent, silvery bars;
And over all Earth's load of sin
I watch the deep set summer stars!

Rest

How sweet when winds and waves awake
And evening lamps burn low,
To while an hour upon the lake
And with my skiff to row.

To hear the quail within the brake,
The piping snipe by shore,
The wild duck fluttering from the lake,
The mountain's rich encore!

O for the breath of breezes sweet—
The frosty air and chill
Descending on the summer heat
With evening's whip-po'will!

The low stars blink out, one by one;
Slow grows the evening hour;
'Till from the embraces of the sun
Night rests in all her power!

Songs in the Night

("Thou givest songs in the night season." Psalms)

In the warm Southern midnight so calm,
In the stillness of stars all aglow,
I awake and arise on my arm
As I hear the sweet rich overflow
Of the nightingale's call to his mate!
"I love thee, Love! early or late!"

"I love thee by morn, when the day
Has purpled the sky in the east;
I love thee by moon's fullest ray
That gildeth the earth for life's feast!
I love thee, at Twilight's soft gate
I love thee Love! early or late!"

"Ah! youth knows my heart was but thine!
And Life in its fullness, but *thee*!
Thee only—at daylight's decline
Thee only—when night shadows flee!
Thee only! at Heaven's High Gate!
I love thee, Love! early or late!"

Orpheus

I HEARD a blythe bird sing, at break of day,
A strange sweet song;
So silver clear—a woodland roundelay—
And long!

It "seemed a bird"—had I not better say?
For from my dream I woke;
And while, all wondering on my couch I lay,
A seraph spoke

And said, with sweetness that no mortal kens :
“ ‘Tis Nature’s voice !
She speaks whenever willing soul attends ;
Rejoice !

She watches for the open heart
And falls
Into the fevered pulse ; Her art
Enthralls !

In every glade thou hearest Orpheus play ;
In every flower there lurks an angel song ;
In every gem there hides a heavenly lay ;
And Time, the choir, shall but the notes prolong !”

Slumbers

O LOVE, as the shadows falter,
And the dews droop o’er the wold,
Let us hie to our own home altar,
And our wings that are weary, fold,

As the stars shine out so tender,
And the moon, with its cup of gold,
Let us climb to our perch so slender,
To Love’s nest—that is æons old !

Let us nestle our snow white pinions,
And flutter our feathers of down,
While the stars flash out in their millions
And the moonbeams the midnight crown !

Ah then—as the planets sweep sunward
‘Mid murmurs so soothing—so blest—
Heart to heart we shall dream, and float on-
ward !
We shall rest ! We shall rest ! We shall rest !

Peace

I BREATHE, today, a peace no untried "angel" knows,
Because the winds have hushed, that tore my tired sails.
Soft zephyrs soothe my brow, where hurtled late the snows,
And hawks have given way to rapturous nightingales!

The cold fierce North that drove, erstwhile, my stag-
'ring bark,
Has lost its cruel hold, and in the place of fear,
Kind balm fills up old wounds, and moonlight breaks
the dark;
And flowers of spring burst forth from those wan
mountains drear!

Fade, then, thou spectres grim, of Mammon, Greed
and Care!
Fly far—who rob the soul to stuff the purse and
mouth!
Be gone! blind tyrants base! Pride, Fashion, Caste,
beware!
Deep, sweet and long I drink the fragrance of my
South!

Fair Isles Atlantis rise where, hushed, the night-
winds sleep!
My boat floats light and safe, within its quiet port!
Love's curtain closely drawn in raptures pure and
deep,
God gives us Hope Etern'; and not one tired thought!

Great Hearted

("God giveth not His Spirit by measure"—but "pressed down and running over."
"The generous soul shall be made fat." Bible.)

FRRIEND, dost thou know those words—
Rich as are all the Lord's—
 Vast like some swelling river,
 Or some Aladdin treasure
 Scorning all bound and measure?
God loves a *wholesouled* giver!

Seest thou the full moon merge
Into the ocean's surge;
 Rush into every rill
 Till the vast inlands fill?
 —Wild flag and wild cress thrill!
God loves a *greatheart*, giver.

Knowest thou the wild dove's nest
And the down torn from her breast
 When her weelings shiver?
 From her heart's blood ta'en
 Though she fall slain!
God loves a *fondheart*, giver.

Hark! Hast thou heard that song
Larks pour when springs are young
 Till the full woods quiver?
 "Joy to the world again!
 Good will to loving men!"
God loves a *cheerful* giver!

Voices

("There are, as it were, so many kinds of Voices."—Bible.)

GHOU sayest "Silence golden"—Why so bold?
When evening echoes, low, though tipped with
daintiest feet,
Still whisper back to whisper, with fond murmurs
old,
And kiss the gentle zephyrs in a cadence sweet;
Still lightly trip in music over moor and wold,
And breathe their evening "Good Night" to
the slumbering fold?

Nay, surely! say not so—since from Creation's dawn
The morning stars rang out their song of rapturous
glee;
When o'er the azure depths rode forth the gladsome
morn,
And angel choirs took up the wonderous symphony!
Then sister Pleiads sang, as earth wheeled into
line,
And hailed the newborn's health, in quaffs of
heavenly wine!

Thou canst not so—since John on sacred Patmos slept
And saw the Heavenly Hosts disclosed in dazzling
white;
Each, with a harp and song, out of the darkness lept,
And struck the chords of fire with notes of solemn
might.
Then Christ Himself, grand leader of the choir,
Moved o'er the worlds His wand, and did the
strains inspire.

Nay verily! While earth rolls 'round on spinning
wheel,

And all the fragrant grass, like axle, seems to burr;
While there are lips to speak, and hearts to throb
and feel,

Thou canst not still the accents of Dame Nature's
whirr;

So long as bright waves break, and birds are on
the wing,

And rivulets rush, and rills do ripple to the sea,
Thou canst not quench Her voice nor bid her cease
to sing,

Nor—impious—cry: “the word of Action should
not be!”

Death and decay, with clammy hand and cold,
Or he—dull, craven soul—who doth his mission
shirk,

May love the Silence blank of Chaos drear and old,—
“For the night cometh,” fast, “when man may no
more work!”

Till then, give me the song that sings in every bough;
The insect, bird and beast, that wake the echoing hill;
The kiss of maid and child that flutters to my brow;
The linnet, lark and thrush; the evening whippoor-
will;

Strike high the Harp of Life! nor run the Heart's
wine low,

Till Ocean's depths are dry, and Time itself is still.

Spring Bugles

HCRY! A wood-note from a bough!
A sweet voice o'er the valley hurled!
A strange, strong fragrance breaking through
With murmurings of the under-world!

The gurgling rush in hidden nooks;
The mystic something in the air;
The melting snow, the sap, the brooks;
The peeping verdure everywhere!

O blessed Life, again renewed!
O tender Voice—without—within!
O sunny land—though tear bedewed;
Dear Nature, purified from sin!

Ah me! methinks as shadows fade,
That I am Hope, that spreads her wing.
Awake sad heart, be undismayed!
It is the Spring! the Spring! the Spring!

Spring Snow

IT was not cold—the soft spring snow—
And, open wide, I threw my gates.
With windows back, and face aglow,
I cried aloud: “See! March abates.”

The spring had come, the birds were here,
The winter fled, I feared no cold;
—When suddenly, from out the clear,
There fell these flakes o'er moor and wold!

The trees were bending 'neath their load
The birds flew fluttering 'neath the pines;
And far and wide a hustling goad
Drove everything before the winds!

But see! the sun has come again;
The eves are rippling with fresh rills;
The snow is soft and warm as rain;
The air is full of birdlet trills!

'Tis so my Love draws back her lips,
To watch my startled eyes grow sad.
She's mischief—to her finger tips!
She loves to tease—then kiss me glad!

March Breezes

Now, stirring in the womb of Life,
Great Pan enkindles all his fires!
His spirit flames to woo his wife,
And all the winds are his desires!

Bright Nature hears his manly call;
She robes herself in silvern green;
Unbinds her locks—lets girdles fall,
Till her fair maidenhood is seen!

Then sparkling o'er the bursting brooks,
She glances at him, wild and free;
While, from the mountain tops, his looks
Of rapture tell of joys to be!

And all the rills begin to rush!
And all the saps begin to spring!
And in the woodland's deepest hush
He woes her with her wedding ring!

Solomon's Song

(THE KING)

RISE up my Love! my Fair!
And come away with me!
Past is the wint'ry air,
The rain and snowflakes flee!
The flowerets fresh appear;
Songbirds fill every tree;
The turtle dove is here;
O come my Love to me!

The fig trees flush to bloom;
The vines with tender grapes,
Burst fragrant from the gloom;
Rich incense sweet escapes!
O Dove! from nest in rocks,
And crannied nooks in hills,
Fly to me from thy flocks;
Thy voice within me thrills!

Come, O Beloved! Let's go
Into the paths afield;
And watch the streams that flow,
And what the vineyards yield;
Fruits pleasant new and old:
The almonds and the dates,
The oranges with hearts of gold,
The crimson pomegranates!

(SHE)

O Love! thy voice so kind
I hear, and hie with speed!
Like mountain roe or hind
Mid lilies white to feed!

From morn till break of day
I turn to drink thy kiss!
Till shadows flee away,
My Love is *mine!*—*I'm his!*

Awake! O north wind wild!
And sigh, O south wind sweet!
Blend power with passion mild;
Spread spices o'er our feet!
Come to the Garden, Love!
And taste its fruit and wine!
My loved one! I am his!
Beloved—thou art mine!

(CHORUS)

Who cometh, like a king,
Out of the wilderness?
With locks like raven's wing,
Tress mingling with tress!
Fair as the Morning Sun,
Or bannered armies brave!
Like columned clouds that run,
Or stately palms that wave!

Who walketh like a bride
Out of the sylvan wood,
Safe leaning, at his side,
On arm of her Belov'd?
Her lips so vermeil deep,
Her breasts so pure as snow;
Her pearly teeth like flocks of sheep
That o'er Mount Gilead go!

(HE)

O Zion's maidens fair
Have ye my true love seen?
Her breath frankincensed air!
—And like a queen her mien!
Her cheeks like Sharon's rose;
Her neck with jeweled bands;
Her lilyed eyes like *Paradise*!
Her tender comely hands!

(SHE)

O David's watchmen! Hark!
I've sought my love—and found!
—By paths so lone and dark!
And over thorny ground!
I've brought him to my bed,
And to my mother's home;
The wedding held, her blessing said,
Our hearts shall no more roam!

(HE)

A chariot have I made
To bear her to my court,
With sandal wood inlaid,
With gold and silver wrought;
With priceless pillars tall
And purple robes above;
But ceiling, pavement, wall,
Are built of LOVE!—of LOVE!

(SHE)

O Salem's Daughters! Hear!
Unto his Banquet House
We come neath banners dear!
Do not our rest arouse!

He charged thee, 'by the roes
And by the hinds afield,'
That, not until he chose,
Our slumbers be unsealed!

(HE)

O spotless fountain, fair,
That, sealed in garden, lies!
Beneath thy locks of hair
Thou hast the ringdove's eyes!
Thy breasts are like twin fawns,
That feed mid lily flowers;
Where spikenards breathe till daylight
—dawn!
Myrrh! Camphor! Safron flowers!

(SHE)

I sleep—but *O my heart*
Within me waked!—Belov'd!
Thy fond step made me start,
And all my vitals moved!
So quick my pulses flew
As slipt the doorlatch light!
Thy noble head is filled with dew,
Thy locks with drops of night!

(CHORUS)

Beside such Love Divine!
Such pearly lakes for eyes!
All Fame and Wealth and Wine
He'll utterly despise!
Great waters drown not Love!
Floods cannot quench its breath!
On VICTOR WINGS it soars above!
'Tis stronger far than Death!

Easter --- Resurgit

DARK! 'Tis a trump I hear!
Across the moorlands clear—
Above the mountains bold—
So wondrous new, yet old!
"The Year! The glad New Year!"

Loved hearts, long gone to God,
That sleep beneath the sod,
Do ye in victory sing
When through the welkin ring
Those voices: "Spring! 'Tis Spring?"

O faithful spirits fair
That to the world declare
Thy mystic message long!
Then join the heavenly song
Within the upper air!

Yes! clear we hear again
Thy rapturous cry to men;
"Death is destroyed, and Hell!
Behold the buds that swell—
Ideals from God's ken!"

They cannot die—they live!
O'er all things they survive!
They shall not fail, nor fear;
They usher in the year;
And lo! the rocks they rive!

Rainbow Rays

(“My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky.”—Wordsworth.)

My soul expands when it surveys
That rainbow in the sky!
That radiant Bridge-of-Beauty old
O'er which the sunbeams fly!

As on that night when Jacob slept
And saw an angel host
Descend an arch which space o'erleapt
Arc of the Holy Ghost!

O Path of Genius, Glory, Light!
Path of celestial Thought!
Thou bridge of Duty, Beauty, Right,
Without which life were naught!

Thou Flame from Inspiration's rod—
Span for our Best Desires!
Thou Link that chaineth Earth to God—
By which our Faith aspires!

Splendor by which all Grace is given!
Without which stars grow dull!
Thy rays conduct our souls to Heaven
God's own “Gate Beautiful!”

Esperanza

WITHIN the darkened curtains of my room
I watched my taper die,
And dreamed, because of gathered gloom,
Midnight was nigh.
When lo! a tender star diffused
Its faint far light;
So, through Life's hurtled storms confused,
Love loomed in sight!

My Artist Palette

I've a palette that can glow
With the glories of the sun !
Flower and fruit and bright rainbow--
Yellow, blue and vermillion;
Green and gold and carmine red
Dripping with the blood of wine;
Orange, azure, olive, rose,
Silver sheen--this plaque of mine !

When I slip it o'er my thumb,
And the oil has filled the cup,
Life's no longer stale nor dumb;
Lo ! the sprites that lick it up !
Fairies, sylphs, and seashells gay
Waves and sands and tides that run;
Birds and beasts and youths at play;
Twilight flames when day is done !

See the rich bituminous lakes,
Where the night glow slumbers deep;
How the pearl-hue o'er it breaks
When the young moon wakes its sleep !
Then the crinkling threads of fire
Through the dark, cold ultramarine,
Stir my heart with strange desire,
Like some nymph in elfland green.

Now I see the years unrolled,
Since the morning star was set,
When its point of liquid gold
Lit the land by bright dews wet;
And, from out eternal space,
Poured the tide of ceaseless Form;
All the wealth of Beauty's race,
Up to day-god, from the worm.

Oh, the splendors of the sky,
And the scenes that o'er it pass;
And the phantoms streaming by
In the shadows of the grass!
Oh, the treasures of the eye,
And the dreams within the soul!
So we thank Thee, Lord on High,
For thy Wealth of Nature whole!

All Three

A song of love fills all the glades,
And bird-nests in the tree;
All meadow lights and forest shades;
Then why not—me?

The flowers in love their heads recline,
And drink it like the dew,
From morning's blush to eve's decline:
Then why not—you?

God floods all space, from farthest star,
With Love's great troth;
It filleth Heaven, to where we are;
Then why not—both?

He says He sends Love's angel out
To thrill—where'er we be;
He fills her heart without a doubt—
Why not—all three?

Whip-po'-will

THE cool, sweet Spring has come again,
And farmers fling their golden grain;
Then as the bright days linger long,
Out from the woods there bursts this song,
Which seems my very soul to thrill—
“Work-with-a-will! Work-with-a-will!”

The snows and frosts are fled apace,
And new year smiles with kindly face.
Strong Youth discards all drowsy sleep,
And driving plowshare fast and deep,
He loves thy hail across the hill—
“Work-with-a-will! Work-with-a-will!”

It stirs his heart with Hope's allure,
And pledges blessings sweet and sure,
Of home, and love and life, and wealth,
And, best of all, sweet, holy health;
And far into the twilight still,
It seems the whole round earth to fill—
“Work-with-a-will! Work-with-a-will!”

Brave bird, they have belied thy strain
That changed it to some sad complain.
Thy bosom could not bear that smart,
But calls, amain, from hero heart!
Its clarion floods the rich campaign
With triumph and with courage plain
—“Work-with-a-will! Work-with-a-will!”

Robin Red

Our in the cherry tree, singing and wooing,
Jolly Red Robin sits, billing and cooing:
"Speak quick Love! quick! quick Love!
Cheerily! cheerily! merrily! merrily!"

Bounding and bubbling, the rollicking lover
Dashes down deep in the daisies and clover:
"Merriwig! perriwig! flip-flap-fling-a-jig!
Come along! sing a song! Spring will be over!"

"Precious dear, I am here, down in this hollow;
Here's a worm! watch it squirm! Why don't you
follow?
Slim and slick! pick it quick! all for you, Dearie!
Make haste! take a taste! here's to you Cheerie!"

Now in flight, fast as light, diving and rounding,
Branches break, babies wake, groves all resounding.
Back to the cherry tree—that's where he's going—
Rich and strong, still his song merrily flowing:
"Red ripe! such a sight! see the bright blood start!
Such juice! this its use! Drink deep, Sweetheart!"

Up in the tipmost bough, sitting above her,
Robin, the jolly bird, sings, a true lover;
Rollick, and frolic, and frisk under cover:
Just wed, bosom red— brimming all over!

Beauty or Love

FAIR Beauty, wand'ring by a crystal spring,
Did find Adonis bathing in its stream;
Her loveliness so rare, entranced his heart to sing,
And all his ravished fancies set adream;
Then stepped she back, so lightly, in amaze;
It left his wondering spirit all adaze.

Upsang a turtle dove with bosom white,
From out a bough, above her gentle head:
"Fair Beauty, thou art such an heavenly sight
That thou mayest smite my young Adonis dead!
It were not well that thou so fair shouldst be
Unless thy heart can feel Love's charity.

"What were the riches of the Orient wide,
Or all the pearls that revel in the sea,
If they about a proud, cold heart abide,
As if to rose there shoud no fragrance be?
As though fair hand took down a golden lyre
Yet never let warm heart its strain inspire."

Then Beauty looked again, with gentler eyes,
And lo! Adonis woke from out his swoon.
So threaded they that Dance of Tender Sighs
Where melts the magic of the harvest moon.
So on her gentle bosom slept his heart,
Nor evermore (say shepherds) will they part.

Maidenhood

WHY doth one love to look in fond and pretty eyes,
Deep, rich and kind, of fair and witchy maiden?
Why doth the heart's flame burn and beat in sighs
All to dance a measure with a playful hoyden?

Sure, I know full well--but the secret would not tell!
Should you wish to know, go wander by the seashore,
Gather up the purest, the pearliest blushing shell,
Hold it to your ear, and harken to the sea roar!

There, within its heart, the ages lie in wait!
All the mystic dreams that man could ever sigh for;
All the dazzling splendor that pours through Heaven's
gate;
All the music, sweet, that seraph harps draw nigh for!

Put your cheek up close and listen to its chords;
Press your lips down light to kiss its pink-and-white-
ness;
Could you paint it now, or catch it up in words?
If you could — you couldn't tell a maiden's light,
and brightness!

Droop upon my arm, O dainty dimpled face!
Faint upon my form, fair lily in thy splendor!
All the tongues of Time could never tell thy grace,
Nor the marble's blush thy matchless beauty render!

The Covering of Dreams

WHEN evening light descends upon the day
And home these gentle lovers take their way,
Somehow, to him, all hallowed o'er she seems
With heavenly light! He covers her with dreams!

Her step to him is lighter than a fawn's;
Her eyes more limpid than a liquid lake;
Around her brow an aureole, like the dawn's;
And, from her lips, the words in music break!

He steals his arm but shyly to her waist,
So like a goddess rare and fair she seems!
Her kiss he covets, but he dare not take:
His heart's aworship—covering her with dreams!

What will she do! Will she divine his face
And read her glory in his trembling heart?
Will she requite his love with equal grace,
Or chide and chill him—till they drift apart?

Love's Wedding Ring

O COME, Love, to the window
And watch the new moon fill!
'This like a dewdrop falling'
That seraph hands distill!

'This just a ring of silver
With just a drop of gold,
That's fallen from God's finger;
And Love its margins hold!

It is our marriage symbol
—He knows how deep we love!
Our names are "called" in Heaven
—We're "wedded" up above!

Little Love Cries

LITTLE Love cries
With his fingers in his eyes!
—Wet his hands!
See he stands
At thy garden gate!
Dost thou make him wait?

Little Love implores—
See his heart's rich stores!
Wond'rous things.
That he brings;
Boundless treasures rare!
Why make him despair?

Little Love pines—
See—his courage now declines !
 How he stoops
 And his head droops.
Naught he further sings
Under his fallen wings !

Little Love dies !
Canst thou drown his cries?
 O cold hard heart !
 Slain is he by thy dart !
O Fair Maid, without ruth,
Wake to his Passion's truth !

Love's Waiting

My Love and I are watching
 Our altar fires glow;
Dear missals slow consuming,
 The embers burning low.

Their sacred ashes whiten
 And crumble into dust,
Love's passions droop and lighten
 Because she says "they must."

Fond fingers sad relaxing,
 Fond sighs are hushed asleep;
Her tender laws exacting
 Their toll of patience reap !

She will not let me clasp her,
 Nor yet the wedding come !
She's whispered: "Love, hereafter!"
 —And glided from the room !

Her Challenge

Who will sing a maiden's grace?
Who will paint for me her face?
Whence has come her witchery?
Whither wends her mystery?

Who those atoms wove together
Out of winds of every weather—
Breeze of spring and summer's passion,
Autumn's swoon, and winter's fashion
When against the purest snow
Reddest berries gleam and glow?

Who has drawn such seraph lines
In her limbs—like marble vines?
Who has dimpled in her cheek
Witcheries so mischief-meek?
Who has painted in her eyes
Nocturne dreams of Paradise?

Who has hidden in her breast
Twitterings of the songbird's nest?
What the mystic tide that swells
All her bosom's dales and dells,
Quivering o'er the rosy nipples
With its laughter and its ripples?
Who has carved her rounded thighs
Into madness, longings, sighs?

Who has filled her cradled womb
With Life's magic sunlit gloom?

Who has thrilled her mellow heart
With its rapture and its smart?
Who has crowned her holy head
With the living and the dead?

• • • •
Tell me this—and you may tell
Eden's bowers of Asphodel!

All in a Look

IT was all in a look—as he passed !
As we stood at the parting of ways.
And the path that I knew not, I asked
Of my heart—where its tide water plays
At the turn and the swirl of its course,
Ere it swings with the moon t'ward its
Source.

Yes, he passed ! And I saw, in his glance,
Such a wonder of worlds in their race
Through the skies ; and such stars that en-
trance
All those seas of the soul !—in his face !
Such a magic of marvel and light
That I turned—and I followed its might!

And forever—forever—today,
Sailing on in the wake of his love,
Though I see not—or know not—the way ;
Still I steer by HIS STAR far above !
And forever—forever—I sing !
Whatsoever the Future may bring !

The Woodland Wound

I KNOW a fount of joy and pureness unalloyed,
A deep and quiet spring, most green and witching fair,
Where naiad forms enweave their gold locks, bright deployed,
And drip the fragrant waters through their shining hair.

There sleeps the queen of fays—the tender, gracious sylph
Who binds within her tress my wandering moods and sighs;
There gather all the hosts of gentle dreams; and elfs
That guide the kindled fancy through the night's disguise.
The moon shines on that nook, the nightingale is there,
Wherein I met my love, so winsome, pure and fair.

She is the Cynthia of that woodland glen,
And all its matchless lore is written on her heart.
She hath wild Orpheus' lyre, Apollo's bow and pen;
She hath her huntress hounds, her nereids and her dart.

Alas! one moon, whileome, she sped an arrow keen,
As I Endymion pale, gan walking in her glade;
I saw her gartered grace, her gathered kirtle's sheen,
And felt through every nerve the wound her shaft had made.
One tide of glory fell, from brow to silvern shoon;
What could I do but spring to her fair feet and swoon?

Then bade she all her maids make bower for me to lie,
And with her woodland simples salved the dart's red tide.

There at my head she sat, and garnered up each sigh,
And wrapped her arms, for healing, round my neck
and side.

Ah, what a wile was that! for each day deeper grew
The bruise that would not heal, the ache that never
passed,

The flame I could not quench, the pain that never
flew.

Till her sweet love was granted, for the which I
asked.

Then fast and high beat pulse, and banished fled the
pain;

And lightly through the woodlands we ran *whole*
again!

Sweet Briar

SWEET Briar! Wild Rose! all alone and shy,
Didst thou dream that I, of all, e'er could pass
thee by?

Modest, fair and fragrant, in the wildwood shade,
Where the Lord once hid thee. fairest flower he made!

Ah! thy witchy coyness is but woodland sleep
By thy dewy shyness made more rich and deep;
In the bosky shadows of thy green retreat,
Safe thy spirit slumbers till thy Prince it greet.

Tender pearl of flowers! how thy heart I know!
Though thy petals quiver, still, with love aglow;
Though thou flutter, trembling, far into thy nest,
I have found and bound thee safe upon my breast!

Shall I fear thy thorns, Love? Gentle Eglantine!
They were born, perchance, of dread, thou might
not be mine.

Now no foe shall harm thee, evermore at peace,
Fond and fragrant Sweet Briar, let thy exile cease!

Her Secret

You think I do not know my love,
That I so wayward glance and glide
Within the maze of whirlwind dance,
And outwardly my feelings hide?

You think I have no throbbing heart
That stills itself lest others see,
When fingers touch and fingers part,
And his dear face comes round to me?

I know his love in every step,
The passion yearning through his eyes;
The rich pulse burning to his lip,
Which woos me with its warm surprise.

I feel the quiver through his frame,
The strong knots in his tangled hair,
The hunger that he cannot name,
The tense look of his fond despair.

It is not true that "Love is blind!"
My pulses surge beneath his glow;
My heart to him is melting kind,
But I'll not let the cold world know!

Wait till the vain have fled and gone,
The throbbiug music sunk to rest;
Wait till he comes to me alone
And gathers me within his breast;

Wait till the whirl has passed away;
Then in the moonlight rich and still
To him I'll give my love away.
And he shall have his true heart's fill!

We know and hold each other's form,
We drink again from spirit eyes,
And safe against all earthly storm
We share anew each heart surprise.

There is my Home—Time cannot touch
Nor wounds attack ! nor evermore
Can Earth provide another such
'Till we two reach the Upper Shore.

Segments

So long astray in a world so blind !
What fate hath held them apart, un-kind?

A breeze sweeps over the earth's wan face,
They see each other—they rush—embrace !
And a heavenly host looks down to greet
A new born bliss in their wedding, meet.
Henceforth forever, howe'er apart,
They are one body, they are one heart !

Hush ! 'tis the sound of the passing bell,
And a light breaks in that lifts the spell;
The mists unroll, the bars are riven—
They are one soul and they are in Heaven !

Hark how the seraphs stay their feet !
"They were but Segments—they are *complete*."

To Dante Gabriel Rossetti

ROSETTI ! from thy rich full harp of Song,
And from thy Palette's glow—all rainbow
rayed—

Thou showered thy gifts of Beauty undismayed
In showers of splendor—through thy whole life long !
Apart and saddened by this age decayed
Thy Soul *Prerailed*—Art's raptures to prolong !

Within the silence of thy shadowy halls
And from that grave where she who loved thee
slept,
The mighty ghosts of Genius to thee crept !
Thy echoing alcoves heard far angel calls !
Their voices sang the lines that from thee lept !
Their fingers flung those pictures on thy walls !

With him walked through Hell to Eden's Gate,
And viewed (like John on Patmos) Paradise ;
How, sadly sweet, forever saw those eyes
Beam down in love,—which at 'those Portals wait.
Another "Dante," thou didst breathe thy sighs
The hidden hunger of thy heart to sate.

Blest "Gabriel!" Thy wings indeed were white
With the wan glory of that Land Divine !
And, tho' thy mortal heart held Heavenly wine,
Thy face was pallid with Celestial Light !
Thy "*Blessed Damozel*"—forever thine !—
Now leads thee through those Higher Hall's Delight

Thought and Action

SOMETIMES Thought waits on Action, and the Dream

Is born in going; and the strong desire Comes as a friction starts a flame of fire, Or nearness brings attraction; and I ne'er had loved Had I not *risen first* and forward moved.

Yet action comes of thought, and loves to wait, Halting, as children swing the garden gate, And fear to venture forth; their mother's voice Sounds sweet behind, commanding from the dust and noise; They know, if once "runover," thought may come to late!

Ah, once, when I was young, 'twas action brave I sought and followed, and it led my heart; Now thought and conscience twined have made me slave: I wait their tender summons to "arise and start." Lord, keep them all so linked that they may never part!

And maybe, as I go, the light will grow to more; And growing more, the braver shall I stride! Thought leads, but oft by action is not marred. Hounds circle hunters, whom they scarce regard, And yet the gun and voice their wayward motions guide.

Sweet Wild Rose

ALONE I walked within the forest shade,
When all the Spring with verdure was enhanced,
And there within a cool and silent glade,
Upon a modest Wild Rose, fair, I chanced.

What makes thee, sweetest fay, so shy and lone,
'Mid all the forest glories so complete?
Is it thy frail wan beauty—that I own—
Clinging so plaintive to my passing feet?

Or is it that faint incense so divine,
Wafted from heaven and caught within thy blush?
Or opening petals like ambrosial wine,
Or daintiest kisses given in evening's hush?

No! fondest flower, most chaste, most passing fair!
Casting thy heart's full rapture in one daylight's
glow—
Opening thy bosom's beauty to one Spring day's
air—
It is because my True Love *loved thee so!*

One White Rose

WHILE white, white rose! I saw it bloom,
Beneath fond skies, above her tomb.
It was so frail, so pure and fair,
Its fragrance melting on the air;
Its form so perfect in its grace,
I knew in it her angel face
Come back to bless with heavenly bloom.
It was her spirit from the tomb!

I bent and kissed it as it grew,
Its tender petals fair and few;
So still in its intensity
So full of God's divinity!
I knew her, in her robes of white,
Serene and sweet with heavenly light!

O angel bright ! O spirit dear !
Come back, come back forever here !

Bend down and bloom from year to year !
Drink through thy root each falling tear
I shed beside thee day by day,
And slowly bear my grief away ;
And pour it forth upon the wind,
An incense blessed to help mankind
Up from this slab of graven stone
To the bright steps of Jesus' throne !

Passion Flower

O RICH untamed, untutored Passion Flower !
Brimming thy cup of bliss, from hour to hour,
With honied nectar from the Day Star's fire;
And ravishing the Spring Time with Desire !

Thy blood is burning with full moon's lush heat !
Life's molten tides flush fast—from head to feet !
Thy petals sway and pant for Psyche's bowl
Of rapturous Ecstasy throughout thy Soul !

Thou pourest Youth's young pregnancy to Pure
Joy,
Engulfing all Love's magic—and its cloy !
Aflame through shuddering frame, thou drinkest
deep,
Then broodest on thy harvest, in thy sleep !

Immeasurable longing !—ne'er to fill
Nor satisfy thy hunger with the thrill
Of Life's completeness—nor enough attained !
Is there, forever more, some goal ungained ?

O Heart so *infinite* ! what can Love do
To feast Life's longing and to solace you ?
To ease the anguish of such yearning womb
Earth grants no Peace—*till thou hast left the tomb* !

God's Tokens

O GENTLE flowers, what shall we do
To manifest our love to you,
For all the light and hope divine
That through thy quiet petals shine?

How long within the winter's tomb
Ye bore the silence and the gloom;
How long, with Faith's almighty art,
Ye've twined your roots 'round Nature's heart.

Yes! then She knew you for Her own,
And broke the bonds of clod and stone;
Her soft breath breathed your incense sweet;
Her Mother fingers twined your feet.

Her Mother's blood poured through your frame,
Her loving blush was in your flame;
Her dimples in your tender smile
That all man's grief and tears 'beguile.

Bloom, gentle flowers, about her brow,
Whose soul is part of Nature's now;
Whose heart is God's, whose love is ours,
And kisses us through all His flowers!

Ministering Angels

SWEET Shelley—by the river's bank
Wandering with True Love for eternal mate,—
Did hear the Sky Lark, as on high it sank
Within the cloudlands—into Heaven's gate.
He fancied it "the Lark," but well I know
'twas Love
With pinions broad and free, that bore his soul
above!

For once, beside the southland stream,
When nights were rich and moons were full,
I walked in such divinest dream,
And clasped my angel beautiful!
The nightingale, I thought, was plainting to
us both.
Dear Heart! I know now well, it was our
tender troth!

O moons so tremulous, so sad!
O stars that watch o'er land and sea!
Bend low! come close! with whisper glad,
And bring my Heart's Love back to 'me!
And when across Life's shore I hear the
seraphs sing
Let it be her loved voice that filleth every
thing!

O earth so warm and sweet!
O skies so bright—so blue!
Thy bliss with ours must meet
And blend our lives with you!
We are thy children frail—from out Thy
Heavenly heart:
Great Nature fold us safe, in Love no more to
part!

Martha's Spirit

TODAY I wandered by the woods and waves,
And watched the summer sky burst pure and
bright;
The green banks that the gentle water laves
With silver surface and with liquid light;
The wind went rustling through the swaying trees,
The birds sang blithely to the passing breeze.

The vine that clambered on the old gray wall;
The nests that lurked in bushes by the way;
The light boat dancing, with its bird-wing' sails;
The joyous children as they pranced at play;
O'er all the kindly earth there grew a peace serene,
And there, in every spot, my True Love's form
was seen!

Her face was floating in the rosewhite clouds;
Her heavenly eyes shone through the azure 'air;
Her robes were swaying in those leafy crowds;
In golden grains end grasses waved her hair!

I felt her fingers kind pass lightly o'er my face;
I heard her footfall soft, in all its grace !

O, my Beloved ! Thou art everywhere to me,
Within each beauty that the world contains!
Though thou hast passed above, serene and free,
Thy loving presence all my life sustains !
What would the round world be but some vast void
If Heaven and Hope should flee, Faith be de-
stroyed?

I trust the Lord of Life *because He made thy love*;
I rest within His power *because He framed thy face*;
The pure sky points me to His home above;
Songbirds and flowerets prove to me His grace.

Each endless river, steeped in Spring's perfume,
Tells of Life's ocean tides beyond the tomb!

Each star that twinkles in the twilight shade;
Each morning rising on the darkened night;
Each lark-song bursting from the quiet glade;
Proclaim "At eventide it shall be light!"

When pain is past and griefs try hearts no more,
Immortal Love shall fold us on Life's brighter
shore.

To Martha in Heaven

O IS CHRIST TIDE! O Beloved! The winter moon
Broodeth through the trellised branches of the
night!

The forest slumbers, and the low stars swoon,
And dip their diamond tapers toward the Light!

I may not sleep! On wan St. Agnes' eve—
(Startled by kindled fancies—dreams amaze!—)
When yearning Porphyro pierced to Madeline's
bower,
Then she did clasp him at that midnight hour,
Within the sculptured cloister's winding ways,
And led him forth to endless happy days!

So doth my soul, this night, that witchery feel;
And seeks thee through the sadness of each cloud!
Up through the spaces blue my fond steps steal!
And, ghost-like, wander—calling thee aloud:
—Until poor mortal senses faint and reel!

Come to me—ever nearer—O Belov'd !
And breathe on me with breath of Love again !
Be with me, evermore, to heal heart-pain !
And draw me, by thy fingers, *up to God!*
Fan thy soft wings, to dry my tears sad rain,
Until, through Heaven's Portal mounts our road !

O'er lilyed snowflakes, on the winter's plain,
Night's magic lines are graven on its face,
All woven in with moonbeams interlace
And flecked with faery phantoms dappled stain!
So on thy Angel bosom's fair white grace
Eternal are my Hopes and Longings lain!

The Passing Years

SEE the years go swimming by
Like the waters of a stream!
As the moonlight shadows fly
O'er the surface of a dream!

As the moose steals through the grass,
As the hunter's light canoe,
So our pilgrimages pass,
And our forms are lost to view !

O thou Wanderer, on thy way—
Heed the warning of the year !
Heed what all the ages say
As they sadly disappear!

“Only Love cannot be lost!
Only Truth can never die!
Hold them fast at any cost,
In Immortal Sympathy!”

My Oversoul

SWEET Oversoul, from all about me stealing
Thy deep aroma and thine incense fine,
I feel Thy glorious life's intense revealing
Thy matchless fragrance and thy richest wine.

What though the zephyrs, through the nightwatch
failing,
Sink into faintness through my sad heart lone?
What though I know my form is worn and ailing,
My Love harks deeper to its *Undertone*.

I know its quiet minor chords are breaking
With the dull anguish of a lot forlorn;
Through all its reeds I hear the night wind shaking,
The mournful music that I knew when I was born.

Why was I cast upon the shore of Time, forsaken,
With Love's deep hunger gnawing at my heart?
Oh, for the soul that was my own soul's making,
The long sought spirit kept, in pain, apart!

Come thou! with kiss the keener for the waiting;
Drink up my life with ecstacy more vast!
Deep unto deep, the thirst of true love slaking,
Fed with a fullness that shall ever last!

Consolation

I HEAR the Spring bird fling his strain
 Into the teeth of Winter and the night;
I hear the woodbrooks rippling on again,
 And note the robin on his northward flight.
 “To thee, sad soul, this sign the good God gives;
 Awake thy faith and know that ‘thy Redeemer
 lives!’”

The buds are breaking on the moss-grown tree,
 The tangled tarn is sparkling to the light;
A softer wind is sighing down the lea,
 And thro’ the frost the snowdrop struggles bright.
 “Brave heart, how canst thou fail that thus thy
 nature grieves,
When all Gods’s nature cries, ‘Thy great Redeemer
 lives?’”

Within a grass-grown mound my Love lies sleeping
 still;
My tears have mingled there with every floweret’s
 root!
“But’twas her body’s dust, her soul has risen to fill
 Its place in seraph bands about the Saviour’s foot;
And, now with them, she knows Him whom her
 faith believes.
Awake thy harp of Hope! Her great Redeemer lives!

Hear! o’er the echoing hills their angel choirs come!
 Hark! in the soul’s still ear, her voice so far and
 sweet!
Glance to that starry host that is her happy home,
 And see the loved ones gone that there her pres-
 ence greet!
Her God that gave such love, is not one that de-
 ceives;
She says, ‘Be strong! *I know* that our Redeemer
 lives!’”

Human Need

I NEED thee—Love in Life !
Each thought and will,
Each hope—to fill ;
And still all strife !

I need thy gentle hand
To calm each pain ;
Bright faith to gain
Into the Better Land !

What time I wait
And wander through
Each trial new
To Heaven's Gate—!

One is so weak—
Alone—below !
So let me know
The Soul I seek !

Far speed my sighs
Out of the heart !
God sees them | dart
Through His clear skies !

They enter Heaven !
No more withheld,
The Peace of Eld
Is freely given !

Sheaves

WHEN plovers pipe, and the year is ripe,
And color floods the mellow leaves;
We do not fear for the fading year,
We gather in the harvest sheaves.
The wild wind grieves
And the sea bereaves,
But we store up the golden sheaves !

Old age is bright when the heart is light,
And Love builds under the old home eaves.
By the long life-strain, and the brave heart's
pain,
We gather up the harvest sheaves !
By deeds well done
And faith that's won,
We gather up the golden sheaves !

O God of Grace with a Mother's face,
Thanks for the hope that the soul receives;
For the love we own, and the dear ones gone;
Thou gatherest Thy golden sheaves !
On Thy broad Breast warm,
With Thy great kind Arm,
Thou gatherest Thy Golden Sheaves !

Evolving

My Love is like a lily white
That grew at Easter dawn;
She came as comes an angel!
That hails a holy morn.
Her heart is clear as crystal,
Her bosom pure as snow,
And fair and true her thoughts are,
As only angels know.

My love is like a blood-red rose
That bloomed in summer time;
Her heart is flushed to crimson,
Her bud has burst to prime!
Her blushing bosoms soften,
Her veins are full of wine,
And like sweet dew drops, often,
Rapt kisses rain—they're mine!

My love is like a cluster
Of grapes in Autumn mauve;
Around, her darlings muster—
She is the mother Love!
On every side, like tendrils,
They climb and play and rove
Like waves that dance at evening
Within an amber cove!

Our Wedding Hour

O LOVE ! The south wind sighs
Our wedding sweet.
Fond hearts must blend
And passions pure must meet.
Each warm pulse burns like wine
Within our frames ;
One are our souls, our beings,
And our names.

One living tide unites our lives
For aye !
Bright angel of my soul,
So long away
Where thou hast waited till
The heavenly call
Has made us welcome to give—
Take—keep—all !

This is the precious gift
Of life and power
We share now with each other,
Every hour !
Eternal rapture sheds its peace
Profound
Through all our being's compass;
Love is crowned !

Love's Passion

IT is the hour of Twilight
When Love is on the wing !
And all the zephyrs calling,
And all the birdlets sing !
My Love and I are watching
The heavenly planets burn,
And each a kiss is stealing,
And begs one in return !

The "Great Bear" tramps his circle
Enchained about "The Pole,"
And I'm her "dear gruff tyrant"
(Because I'm hunger-whole !

Because I spare no moment,
Nor leave unkissed one spot—
So tight my strong arms bind her,
Upon my heart so hot.)

The Pleiads dance and sparkle
Like swarms of fireflies;
They match the twinkling mischiefs
That swim within her eyes !

Arcturus in his glory
Has bent his graceful bow;
Her eyelids tell the story
She lightly lets me know !

I think that Cupid's arrow
Is strained across that string,
For darts shoot through my marrow
—I feel her glances fling
 And up there Venus watching
 Gleams down with heavenly breast;
 Her sparks and flames are catching
 And give our hearts no rest!

Orion has a falchion
Upon his glorious groins !
My Love—an angel's cradle
Rocked in her pretty loins !
 What shall I do for sighing
 When Heaven rebukes my fear?
 I'll wed my Love by starlight—
 This is the Time of year !

Love's Canticle

It was my Love's sweet spirit,
I heard at midnight call;
He came on wings of longing,
I gave him all my all!

The angels fair from heaven,
They loaned him their bright wings,
And so he reached my bosom,
And all my being sings!

Now tell me maidens tender,
Did ye not hear him come?
He clasped my form so slender,
He dwelt within my room.

Ah, vain and foolish virgins!
Your lamps of life are dry;
Your chalice dark is empty
When Love and Life draw nigh!

But he and I are spirits,
And *heaven is here below!*
And all the seraphs know it!
And Love and I do know!

The True Wife

HEART filled, to the brim!
I have received of him
Heaven's pure bliss!
Bowed to his Spirit's sway!
Glad in his arms I lay!
Wed with his kiss!

Into my life has come
Joy, child and happy home;
All that I ask!
What shall I give him back?
All that his life may lack
For his world task.

Hold up his tired head;
Smooth lay his pillow bed;
Sweet spread his food;
Sing away brooding care;
Kiss straight his tangled hair;
Fill him with good!

This be my task, as "Wife,"
Through his heroic life—
Loyal to vow!
Cheer him to help mankind;
Rescue the deaf and blind;
String strong his bow!

Chill not one throb of heart;
Ne'er from his side depart;
Ne'er fail his faith!
This be my joy and pride!
Safe shall my love abide—
Constant through death!

Pregnancy

COOL blow the zephyrs in the July heat,
When, fresh with dawn, the dew has wet the grass;
From sleep refreshed and dreams both light and sweet,
In quiet consonance the still morns pass;
Till noon shuts to the blind,
And Nature's hush
Tempers with fingers kind,
The rough world's rush.

There in a shelter from the troubl'ous mart,
Withdrawn from turmoil and in greenwood shade,
The "Love Child" nestles, close beside the heart,
That fairies put there, and the good God made;
There in its cradled bed,
In silent bliss,
With heartsease fed—
Born with a kiss!

How shall I step—with tiptoe, softly light
Enough to shield from shock the mother mild?
Lean on my arm, sweet angel, cool and white,
And let the father bear thee, with thy tender child.
Rest in the hammock's arm;
Hearken the robin's note;
Hushed are the hums of farm
That to us float.

How shall I measure all the great gift's grace?
How shall I treasure every throbbing pulse?
Watching with anxious eye the dear young face,
And every jarring accident repulse?
So let the sovereign power
Of mighty Pan,
Shelter each holy hour—
He only can!

Warm is the pregnant year, and thou my precious
bride

Knoweth Life's inward bliss, Her rapture deep!
Thee shall her wings enfold, thy gentle secret hide,
And brood upon thee with Her quiet sleep.

Ye, two, with Mother's loves,

God keep from harm!

And guard His spotless doves

Safe in His arm!

Harvest Moon

ONIGHT I saw the full moon round,
With winter spicules silvery bright;
(The wind blew soft o'er frozen ground,
The woodlands, stark, were full of light;

The mountains vast were gray and wan.

The valley's mystic depths were blue:)
She swam up like a white-winged swan,
And 'cross her breast the cloudlets flew.

I bound my great-coat 'round my form,
I watched her as the night rolled by;
With kindly warning 'gainst the storm
She drew a Great Ring 'round the sky.

A Wheel of Wonder, star begemmed,
And She the glorious Axle round;
With Love's great circlet diademed,
Aud with his golden chaplets crowned!

One Instant

QLEDGE me no troth in cold water !
Quaff me the bright wine that cheers!
Better alive for one evening,
Than *dead* for a decade of years !

Say but one word, that you love me;
One that shall banish all fears!
Best be a bird for one morning,
Than *worm* for a cycle of years.

Grant me one kiss—though it kill me!
—One that shall brighten all tears!
Best be complete—till Life fill thee,
Than *void* for a thousand of years !

Breathe through my being one poem!
Make me but one of God's seers!
Best be a God for one moment
Than *mouse* for a million of years !

Thrill through my spirit one rapture,
Music eternity hears!
Best be *Divine*—for one instant—
Than mortal ten billion of years !

Aucassin and Nicolette

(Lovelay of Old Provence.)

WHEN sunlight fills the south of France,
And peasants with King Rene dance,
Then soft and sweet the lay was sung
How troth was kept—when Love was young
(Though eyelids droop, and cheeks grow wet
For “Aucassin and Nicolette”).

How she was woodman’s daughter fair
Whom he, the Prince, loved to despair !
The King was wroth, the courtiers scowl,
The black priests curse with bell and cowl,
The Prince holds fast, and lets them fret;
Nor will he yield his Nicolette !

They cast him in a dungeon low.
And swear he’ll “ne’er to heaven go !”
“Do you go there?” he asks with wit:
“Is that the place where such folks fit?
Then let me go where you *don’t* get,
—With Love and Life, and Nicolette !”

They take from him his titles all,
And threat that direst woes befall.
“You must some courtly dame espouse
And give us revel and carouse.
For if you *don’t*, we’ll hang you yet;
And, also, that young Nicolette !”

But hark ! The people rise, *en masse* !
(*For Love, you know, brings things to pass!*)
They fling the King and courtiers out !
The cringing, cursing monks they flout !
Their brave young Prince on throne is set
And crowned their King—with Nicolette !

Memory

If I should fly to be a star,
Wouldst thou, dear, watch me from afar,
And be to me what here you are—
My sympathy?

Wouldst thou raise eyes, bedewed, to Heaven
When daylight drooped, at tender even',
And pray that some day thou be given
My destiny?

Wouldst thou behold those circles far
On which I rode—each dazzling bar—
And ask to join my seraph car—
Infinity?

Wouldst thou, upon the crumbling earth,
Where once my image had its birth,
Plant some fair vine to clasp, by worth,
Eternity?

And breathe into the passing air
The incense of a spirit fair
That lives for thee, Love, everywhere,
In ecstasy?

L'Aille Volante

On flying wing
I soar and sing,
Nor ever rest for home!
Over the seas
I seek no ease,
I cross above the foam!

No gentle nest
May warm my breast,
I must be on the wing!
Though heart should break,
And brain should ache,
I'm doomed to fly and sing!

Over the land,
On every hand.
I herald in the Day!
Bird of the Morn,
The night I scorn,
I may not sleep nor play!

See—on my plume,
The iris bloom;
It is the breath of Spring!
Awake! Awake!
The shadows break
Before my skyward wing!

Into my home
I, too, shall come,
Toward the closing year;
My course well run,
Beyond the sun
My Bride and Rest appear!

There in the Breast
Of Love, at rest,
I shall no longer roam;
Clasped in Her peace
My task shall cease,
In Paradise my Home!

The Last Swan

Why beat against the night winds dark,
The mountain lone, the somber plains?
My very heart-beats hunters hark—
My plumage damp with winter rains !

I hear the lone loon call afar;
The sad moon dips her shallow cup;
The tides are "out," with bare a star;
The sands have drunk my lakelets up !

What good am I, a waste swan white,
That sings a last song to the year?
What use to beat against the night,
And wander through the chill wind drear?

I'll hie me to that silent nook
Where dip the reeds and hush the airs;
A nest that every hope's forsook,
And build it of my dark despairs !

I'll quaff me there my last of woes,
And sink my song beneath my wing;
And when I'm whiter than the snows,
They'll find my Spirit—in the Spring !

Longing and Flight

FLY with me ! Fly with me ! Into the West,
Into the west—as the sun goes down !
Each in the bosom that it loves best,
To a couch of roses and eider down !
There in long slumber to droop to rest,
Where only the Ocean hears our moan !

O ! for a skiff by its margin grand !
O for the blade of a magic oar !
O for Love's breezes to sweep the strand,
That waft to the long sought farther shore !
There on the pebbles, in peace to sleep,
Lulled by the murmur of deep to deep !

Only the lover knows the way
Over the mountains to that fond shore !
Only Love's eyelids ope' to the Day
That heralds the Kingdom of "Evermore!"
Hasten ! O hasten Sweet Spirit of Grace!
Come at Love's call to the Human Race !

Eagles

I RESTED on a grassy knoll
Where man had toiled and Time rolled
by ;
I saw the passive mountain old,
And watched the eagles in the sky.

The Mountain said: "My son, take heed ;
From age to age the Truth endures!"
The Eagle said: "My son, bespeed !
The Spirit calls, the sky is yours!"

I laid me down my mantle old
Of flesh, beneath the mountain sod ;
The crystals kept it pure and cold,
And o'er it bloomed the golden-rod.

But as I rose and glanced on high—
A lamp of seven candles white !
On eagle wings I clove the sky
And passed forever from the night !

Dove Wings

Oh, had I the wings of a dove,
I would fly ! I would fly !
Till I came to the Bosom of Love !
On its breast, on its breast I would lie !
And never again would I roam
From my rest, from my haven, my home !

Oh, had I the wings of a dove,
So silvered, so spotless, so white !
I would fly the sad world far above,
Till I came to the Fountain of Light !
There, safe from false Fashion's allure,
I would bathe in those billows so pure !

Oh, had I the wings of a dove,
So tender, so gentle, so kind !
I would cease o'er earth's deserts to rove,
And leave all its sorrows behind.
I would follow the song of the lark
Till I came to my Home in the Ark !

Borne upward, borne onward by Faith,
No longer the buffet of wind,
No longer the puppet of Death,
No longer afflicted nor blind ;
I would droop, with my pinions so weak,
And nestle, at rest, by Love's cheek !

The Visitor

I DREAMED I lived long ages past
Within a star of prior night.
It bore me while the shades did last
Before the morning come to light!
I knew its cerements hung damp
About my brow, around my form;
And though I bore an angel's lamp
It tossed me in the arms of storm!

Away! away! I cannot wait!
I bring thee joy—or bring thee harm—
'Tis thou must say, for it is late.
And midnight wraps me in her arm!
I must be gone to whence I came;
I have my tryst with those that gleam;
My song is sung; my heart is lame;
And earth is but an hour's dream!

There is one soul, perchance, who flings
(As far across the stars in flight
I plume and spread a wanderer's wings)
Some farewell—through the coming night.
Perchance—who knows—had it but stayed
The drooping flight, the restless hour,
The goodbye might have been delayed,
The spirit found again its power!

Soft sinks the twilight o'er the plain;
The moonlight floods the mountain round:
Good bye! I may come back again
. In springbuds and in birdlings' sound!
But thou—O soul! that loved me once—
Where wilt thou be, should I but call?
—In colors of autumnal months?
—In rainbow—or in waterfall?

Dante and Beatrice

I STAGGERED through a vale of tears—
My poet led—I trembling stepped!
He was God's spirit, thro' the years,
And knew (how deeply!) why I wept.
His arm was wrapped around my form,
And held me up through every storm.

I drank the shades of Erebus,
And walked quite through the vale of death!
And ah! how sadly did discuss
With him, the sights that caught my breath!
—'Till far beyond its smoke and fires
He brought me to my soul's desires.

For now there burst upon my eyes
The lights of meadows Asphodel!
I heard the songs of Paradise,
And clasped the form I loved so well!
While all around, the birdlets sing!
And, alway, flowers immortal bloom!
And Beatrice gives me her ring
Because her Love fills all the room!

II Paradiso

THE gates of pearl and glory,
Are swinging wide apart!
I see the fond old story,
Two lovers—heart to heart!

They pass far into Heaven
Beside bright crystal streams,
And taste the sacred leaven
That fed their former dreams!

They glide along a terrace
Of deathless floral bloom;
They wander through God's palace
And dwell from room to room!

They clasp each others fingers,
Entwined in Love's allure;
They kiss, embrace, and linger
In bliss forever sure!

Head or Heart?

THE Heart is nobler than the Head—
Were this not so the soul were dead!
Tell me not—this or that man's "smart;"
Earth needs more men of nobler *Heart*
To lead a zealous life for Faith.
And by strong courage conquer Death.

I care not for the brain of skill,
Where brilliance leads so oft to ill:
The wily diplomat—the chief—
Whose deaths are but the world's relief;
Vain of their practice or their sword,
And proud of dictatorial word

Give us the men of generous deed,
The friend proved true through every need,
The love that's faithful to the end,
The sympathy that dares to bend.

Give us the love of tenderness,
That feels for human life's distress;
Far, far above the Intellect,
Such comradeship the God's elect!

Homeward

You may not care for a faint, frail song,
Sung far up in the tree,
Where the tiptop branches quaver
And the winds blow wild and free;
But I sang as I felt in my sadness
I sang as I'd loved to roam
With the winds and the waves in their madness,
And now I'm flying home!
With the winds and the waves in their gladness
And now I am going home!

Perchance when the world has grown silent,
Its music of fashion all gone,
You will hear from the depths of your being
A voice that is tender and lone.
It will come from a far off mountain,
Where never walked mortal feet;
It will breathe of the forest and fountain,
And thrill with a fragrance complete;
It will LIVE in the forest and fountain,
And make your life COMPLETE!

My Home

WITHIN my heart, I have a Home
All bright with tender loving ties;
There I return—how'er I roam—
And rest with gently shaded eyes.

There Love, that passed to Heaven before,
Returns to clasp my soul to hers,
And when we've closed the senses' door
Each spirit chord within us stirs.

November

STRANGE Friend, how com'st thou with thy pallor keen,
To chill the warm, sweet breeze that summer evening fanned?
"Doest thou not know I ripen all things green,
And with my sickle ope' the seed cells to the land?

"The pure white snow my blanket is, so warm !
It shelters them from frost and fertilizes earth ;
Each sparkling crystal gem shall keep the germ from harm,
And, in each bud of beauty, shall awake to birth !

"When once again the heart of Springtime woos the wind,
And, softened by the storm, the mellow mold unfolds ;
Out of the ice and rain, the Winter shall prove kind ,
And thou shalt clasp again thy loved ones, as of old ."

So shall my heart rejoice, though seated, sad and lone,
Beside the silent hearth, while tender tear drops fall.
Mother of Christ ! Thou knew the pang that clove the bone,
And yet, in Heavenly Light Thou'claspest all in all!

Affliction

O PREGNANT sorrow of the heart
That hides itself with poignant art
And like the spartan fox of old
Gnaws out the life—beneath the fold
Of our poor dumb humility;
And eats out its tranquility!

How is the earth grown dark and bare!
I clasp one little lock of hair—
One little glove—a fold of lace—
A kiss-worn image of her face;
Down which my tears forever flow
With heart-break's surging undertow!

What is the world now, with its blind
And dreary wastes?—so little kind
—Its deserts where the spirit faints
And for life's cool spring water plaints!
—Love's green oasis in the glow!
—Life's one true rest on earth below!

O to lie down beyond the heat,
Alone, apart, at True Love's feet!
To droop the hot brow on her breast
And in its murmured soothings rest!
To see the soft light, from her eyes
Look down like stars from Paradise!

What shall I do, now, blind and stark
Staggering into the future's dark?
I hear the night birds, lone and shrill,
And the sad weep of whippo'will.
I catch the dullplash of the river,
And the cold wind, with evening shiver!

O Love Divine that stooped to earth
And brought to us Thy "Second Birth,"

Didst Thou not bear Thy cross alone,
Thy thorn crown, and Thy dull tombstone?
—Yet angels bright sat at the door
Where Thy bruised corse had lain before !

Didst Thou not rise—in light serene
As winter yields to springtime green?
Didst Thou not cast thy cerements,
Revealing thy sublime Intents;
And out of darkness bring the light;
And from the earth mold came forth—*white?*

Ixion

WHAT is Love's crime, that it must ever be
Broken upon the wheels of destiny?
Saint Catherine's body—ever bent, bereaved !
Sweet Christ's—alas, so often still, deceived !

What is the Heart's complaint, that it must know
The joy, the sorrow, and the thoughtless blow,
The bitter sweet, the thorn crown's little ruth,
The cross that goes before till this spell—Truth?

What is Love's fault that it must ever show
A smiling face where lurks the smothered woe?
While, bearing all, it knows not how to rise
Nor hide the stifled anguish of its eyes !

What has it done—that it must ever share
The world's wan strain—its midnight—its despair—
Its tempest toss—its path so little clear
Enveiled in shrouding mists of Doubt and Fear?

Brave Love! we know not where, nor when, nor why,
But still we follow Thee—until we die !
We welcome humbling scorn—the blow—the pain—
So be it Thou but lead, till Heaven we gain !

Lived and Loved

Go bye! old World! with all thy glittering train!
Thou canst not lure me to thy glare again!
I know the muddy wheels of thy gross rumbling cart
That grinds to death the human Brain and Heart!

Go bye, cold world! I've seen thy falseness
proyed!

But know this as thou goest: *Lo! I've LIVED!*
AND LOVED!

What care I for the ashes of thy feverish fires?
Thy vain conceits? thy ravenous desires?
Thine idle chaff that blinds the vision's ray
From all the Glories of *Celestial Day*

Bright streaming through the soul, from
Heaven above?

Thou canst pass on! *I've learned to LIVE AND*
LOVE!

Alas!—I've seen thee rob the widows' mite;
And slay the children in the headlong flight;
And grasp from home and husbandmen their grain;
And crush Life's flowerets by the blighting rain;

And drive God's priests and prophets forth to
rove,

His poets left to starve—for Life and Love!

A curse upon thy ravin! O thou fool!
Who killeth Christ to please the devil's tool!
Yet know the day of Doom hastes swiftly on!
Their blood is on thy hands!—thine hour is come!
The tempest and the storm haste swift to move!
And thou hast lost thy Key—to Life and Love!

The Latter Rain

My gentle flowers drooped and pined
Through the long drought, while hot
winds fanned
Those tender buds I'd striven to mind,
And those bright rows so deftly planned.

The roses paled, the violets fled,
The jonquils failed, the pansies died;
They slept by my Beloved Dead,
And over them the sad wind sighed.

Dear Lord, that gave them all to me,
The fair, the fragrant, and the dear,
Didst Thou not all my labor see,
And count and weigh each falling tear?

Behold them watered with my grief,
My heart's deep fount of bitter pain;
Salt streams that gave such scant relief
And died at source—to fall again!

But what are these that gently fall
Upon the parched and thirsty sod?
Sweet drops of rain Thy grace recall!
Surely they are the *Tears of God!*

Yea, now I know Thou weepest, too,
And hearest every human heart;
For lo, the desert smiles anew,
And blooms with Thy consoling Art!

The Flower that Follows the Storm

("Look to the flower that blooms in the Silence
that follows the storm."—E. Indian Bible.)

IN the Flower that follows the storm,
In the silence that drops after rain,
Thou shalt bloom O my Soul! and grow
warm!

Thou shalt rise to thy sunlight again!
In the darkness that follows the day,
In the loneliness after the lost,
Thou shalt find, by God's wisdom, "*the Way!*"
Thou shalt know what the Pathway has *cost!*

Thou shalt clasp all those martyrs for Truth!
All those hearts that have broken for Love!
Thou shalt taste of their rapture—their ruth!
Thou shalt join in their anthem Above!
Thou shalt bind to thy bosom their bands!
On thy brow their faint kisses shalt feel!
Shalt embrace with thy fingers their hands!
At *their altar* thy Spirit shalt kneel!

And aloft—on thy forehead—thy hair—
In the gloom and the gloaming of night—
Shalt be breathed their Brave Voices—in
Prayer!

And, before thee, the darkness grows bright!
Sweet "*Flowers-that-Follow-the-Storm!*"
Soft Voices! bright rays through the rain!
Ye shalt rest in my Soul and grow warm!
Nor shalt smile, nor shalt whisper in vain!

Immortal Change

I HEAR the great Apostle standing by the grave
Of the Beloved and Gone, majestic, calm, and
brave;
His flooding eyes, serene, shine up to heavenly host;
His aching heart bends low to the Beloved and Lost;
His Voice fills space—where the Eternal Stars
are ranged;
“Not all of us shall ‘sleep’! — but we shall all
be ‘changed!’ ”

A form, terrestrial, mankind doth wear below,
As through the fields of pain his feeble steps must go;
But brighter far than mortal tongue can tell,
Await, our certain coming, “*Forms Celestial!*”

*Heart is not lost to heart; nor love from love
estranged!*

Not all of us shall “sleep,” but we shall *all be
“changed!”*

The Tide-of-Life must set in ever Grander Flow!
Still *Higher Heavenly Harmony* the soul must know!
More pregnant *Visions* wait the constant eye of Faith!
Life floods to Larger Life! *There's no such thing as
Death!*

Each precious seed, in soil, its brief “decay”
hath feigned!

Not all of us shall “sleep”—but we shall *all be
“changed!”*

This mighty Mystery, O man! to thee I show:
The Rose is not the Dust, but by the Dust doth GROW!
Transfused, transformed *within*, to ever *Higher Bloom*,
It leaves, *behind*, its husk, to darkness and the tomb!

It spreads its petals forth—to **PERFECT BEAUTY**
gained!

Not all of us shall “sleep”—but we shall *all
be “changed!”*

Those Forms Celestial

SEEST thou the bright buds on the tree,
That bloom from out Infinity?
Seest thou the flower and tender fruit
That rises, mystic, from the root?
Deep hidden in the womb of Earth.
Whithin a seed they had their birth.

But who had born that seed, I pray?
"Great Mother Earth," the wise men say.
But who bore her, and you, wise men?
Look further, deeper, think again.
Whence came this planet and those suns,
And Life that through creation runs?

Ah, yes, within an ocean vast
Of Life and Love and Beauty, passed
A current iike a mighty wind,
With poems from the Almighty Mind;
Filled with His wisdom, love and art.
And tenderest feelings of His heart.

Whence came the brain of Newton brave,
Upon this ocean, like some wave?
—The soul of Shakespeare?—Lincoln's heart?
—Great Keppler's eye?—Young Raphael's art?
—Unselfish life of Washington?
—And that vast love of Mary's Son?

Whence came the cry of Liberty,
That every conscience should be free
To know its God, by Him be blest,
And in His love and wisdom rest?
Out of that ocean of all bliss
We've learned the source of "mother's kiss."

Tell me, is that a God less fair
Than all his matchless flowrets are?
Is that a Mind less wise or high
Than the best brains that ask Him "Why"?
Is God's great Soul less pure and good
Than His best types of womanhood?

Has He no heart to feel our woe
When from us back to Him they go?
Would any father, half so wise,
Blight hope and light from his child's eyes?
Would He bereave where we would bless,
And curse where mother would caress?

No! to the splendor of the Sun
All tides of Life and Beauty run!
From Him they came, to Him they go;
Their ebb and tide is His heart's flow;
He will preserve each feature fair
That doth His nature's Self declare.

More precious far our souls to Him
Than bubbles breaking on the brim
Of basin. No mere nothings, we,
But children of Eternity.

The Godhead's love is in our heart.
And all our being is His Art.

The grain thou sowest—does it die?
No! 'tis *reborn* before thine eye!
There is a "Form Terrestrial,"
And one, more bright, "Celestial!"
The atoms change, but onward ever
The Spirit lives to new endeavor!

Whispering Mulberry Trees

WINGS palpitate and vibrate on the breeze,
And o'er my head go whispers unbeknown;
Æolian harps breathe through the murmuring trees,
That lure and sooth me by weird undertone.

My heart is sad and sensitive tonight,
As, all alone I muse by candle light!

Soft settles, now, the mantle of the year
That Nature wraps about Her slumbering form,
Her leaves lie thickly scattered, dry and sear,
And every root is covered close and warm.

What tender memories droop and nestle, light,
Upon my old heart's flower beds, tonight?

Fond Spirits come again, with finger tips
That touch my brow with visions long since fled!
What wine, of heart break, press they to my lips!
What sadly sacred accents, from the dead,
Float from the Past unto my hearken'g ear
With the last sighs that seal the closing year?

Ah, my Belov'd and Gone! *ye are not dead!*
I hold thee, *ever*, in my yearning heart!
Old Time's elixir heals no wounds that bleed;
No balm doth calm and catch away that smart!
Forever—through the corridors of faith—
My Soul goes seeking thy loved wraith!

And *thou wilt come!* e'en now I hear thy call
Falling as moonbeams fall on troubled sea!
As shadows gently creep down ivied wall;
As zephyrs stir the flowerets on yon' lea!
I clasp thee—O Beloved—to my breast!
And hear thee whisper: "my Beloved! *rest!*"

Follow Thou Me

WHAT though the night be dark or chill
And the path be steep up over the hill?
The road is rough to more than thee,
And high is the call to Destiny:
“Follow thou Me!”

What though thy locks be damp with dew,
Thy friends be far, thy forces few;
Though wild wolf laugh, though hoots the owl,
Though maid prove false, or man be foul—
“What’s that to thee?”

Grand is the school of growing men!
The moons must wane, yet wax again!
The breakers roll on endless shore,
And the tempest rises evermore,
Thou canst not flee!

The father toils—but for his child;
The mother chides—but her heart is mild;
Why art thou here, dost thou suppose?
To catch the *beauty* in the rose!
To hear the *song* in the mighty sea!
Press up the Heights and bravely be!
What are the thorns to thee?

The Bird and the Grave

OVER her form I hear a song
That wraps my heart—the whole year long !
It comes with love and tender Spring,
And woven in each nest-wound string,
There is a Peace that shall prevail !
Sweet Song ! Sweet Nest ! Sweet Nightingale !

I know, from God the bird doth come,
As, from The Ark, the dove did roam.
It brings its song from Heaven's gate
To tell me that her soul doth wait
To welcome me with boundless love.
Sweet Ark ! Sweet Gate ! Sweet earlier Dove !

Blest be thy bower O bird of joy !
Blest be thy dear, divine employ,
Thou messenger of heavenly peace !
And may thy fledglings never cease
To come—to grow—and aye prolong
Sweet Hope ! Sweet Faith ! Sweet angel Song !

Ah ! in my heart there is a nest
Where once she laid her pledges blest,
And covered them so warm and true,
And mothered them and upward flew
To bring them to God's Bosom pure.
Sweet Pledge ! Sweet Home ! Sweet Union sure !

To Edith

FAITHFUL and kind, sweet Friend! thy loving heart
—Made more than mortal by thy Far-seeing Art—
Has been The Comfort of my later years !
And, tho' my earlier days were steeped in tears,
Love hath empowered me, to *Perform my Part!*

No jealousy was thine, because of old
—Before thou camest—in Life's wintry cold,
A Sister-Heart as tender and as fine,
Sustained my Soul with Loyalty like thine,
And sealed it with her death!—Pure *Spirit Divine!*

Thou love'st her too!—a heart as part thine own;
Like those Twin-Sisters of Love's sacred Throne
(Its crown in Heaven, its Footstool on fair Earth)
Who stand the Symbol of Life's Sacred Birth;
Blest "MARTHA!" and Blest "MARY!" who alone

Nursed back, to life, again, "*Dead Lazarus!*"
Hearing The Savior's call at Nazareth!
That Love-Call—to the spirit almost fled!
Whose body past the Portals of the Dead!
—Evoked to Life! Love! Victory! and Breath!

The Swan's Kiss

(To Michael Angelo's "Leda.")

Soft sang the billows of the southern sea
Upon a shore of rose and ambered light,
When, from the West, there came Celestial Guest
All lines of magic, and of purest white !
It was the God of Beauty and of Grace,
And love he bore—bright shining through his
face !

A Goddess slept upon the pearl-strewn foaming shore
Like sea shell in the splendor of her dower ;
The moan of life lept to her evermore,
The sighing Ocean swept her with its power !
And ever and anon she sighs—the while she
sleeps,
Till the white God of Grace upon her peeps !

"How shall I come to her I love so true?"
He whispered, through the music of his smile;
"With snow-flaked plumes, bright waves and morn-
ing dew,
And wings of grace—without the serpent's guile!"
He changed into a Swan, and with his kiss
He filled her soul forevermore with bliss !

So, matchless fable ! in thy lines I see
The vibrant glories of Celestial Art;
Magnetic splendors and plumed witchery;
Pure power to thrill and vitalize the heart !
To wake Earth's spirit with bright Beauty's
grace !
And bring the *Birth-of-Genius* to our race !

Aladdin

ADREAM is on my soul of treasures vast
Within the veil of oceans and of hills !

The romance and the wonders of the past
That all the splendid page of Nature fills !

The spirit of the centuries flame—

The secret of the Great Creator's Name !

O touch my tongue with coals of living fire
Great Delphic God that walks with humble man !
O let that Sacred Flame my soul inspire,
And grant to me the magic lute of Pan !

The tender chords of Orpheus' mystic lyre
That draws all life aloft to thy desire !

Then ope' the eyes of them that slumber still,
Benumbed by Circe's draft—that food for swine !
Let heavenly Hebe bend, their bowls to fill;
And pour the amber nectar so divine !

Let all men's being, swift, to Thee incline,
And glow through head and heart with Sacred
Wine !

O touch the spring that lifts the latch of Fate;
And turn the key that opens wide the door,
Into Thy Palace court—before too late !
And make the nations wonder and adore !

Spread out thy healing balm upon all hearts !
Endow them with the glories of Thine Arts !

The Divine Mirage

I TRAVELED where deserts grew tawny with heat,
Where baked bent the cactus and sage,
Not a spear of alfalfa nor clover nor wheat,
Naught, naught, but the sun's purple rage!

Yet the ragged Saharas were clothed, to their
feet,
In a wonderful mystic Mirage!

Far and wide spread its river, celestial and vast,
That slept in the arms of the sky!
Green islands lay floating, with blue shadows cast
Where sweet water silent flowed by;

And fair meadows ripened, as though they would
last
Eternally fresh to the eye!

O soul grown so weary with World's barren waste
And fainting with sadness and age,
Look up to yon Vision—from deserts of thirst!
Drink deep! Hope's allurements engage!

Bathe heart in that fountain thy tongue may not
taste!

Love! Love is the Spirit's mirage!

Not of earth is its essence! not here is its rest
In the dust of the turbulent mart.
Like the dove from the ark, it must fly on its quest
To its nest—in the poor human heart!

Like an angel of healing it droops to man's
breast,
On its way to God's-Palace-of-Art.

Oases

H DESERT is the world's dry waste
Of care and sin and toil and death,
But every here and there a taste
Of Eden; and a quiet breath
Of Love's aroma; and the sweet
Green grass of Faith beneath our feet !

Affection's rose—in spite of thorn—
Blooms there, and blushes by the spring
To which our fainting steps are borne;
To which our fading hopes we bring,
And there revive them from the heat;
Fair flowers of joy beneath our feet !

The laden caravan of Life
Must move on paradisial way,
Ah, not in vain its strain and strife !
Behold ! it brings Bethesda's Day
When, safe beside its sacred pool,
We count our treasures—calm and cool.

Frankincense of the Soul serene;
And spikenard of the laden Heart;
And gold of Memory with its sheen;
And pearls of Peace—that shall not part !
Lo, see the burst of Heavenly Gates !
The Treasure-House that there awaits !

The Sphinx and the Curtain of Night

O MYSTERY wondrous and vast!
O'er the desert of life, as I stray,
Hast thou something to tell of the Past
Or the Future—to warn me the way?

See the sands, how they drift o'er the plain,
And the curtain of Night, how it falls!
Canst thou tell me the meaning of Pain?
And the Voice of the Soul—whence it calls?

Lo! I lean on my camel afaint!
Far, far have I come o'er the main!
Dost thou know of my spirit's complaint?
Canst thou scan some Oasis to gain?

Hark! deep through the midnight I hear
The voice of the Sphinx on her throne:
"O mortal, I know of each year!
I mark every anguish and moan!"

Deep, *deep in the Earth* are the springs
Where the Water-of-Life is retained!
In the font of Her bosom it sings,
Long, long e'er the surface be gained!

Descend from thy wandering beast;
Dig down to those Sources of Power!
Right *there* shalt thou find thy loved rest—
Thy oases—thy haven—thy dower!

The Vale-of-Baca

THE desert sands were drifting in the wind,
The sad Sirrocco's breath was hot and dry;
There was in sight no green oasis kind,
And man and beast and verdure drooped to die!
The laden caravan was palsied by the heat,
The blinded guides had failed and lost their way;
The fainting camels staggered on their feet,
Nor could aught now survive the close of day!

Behold! there came a gray Magician old,
With white beard long and bowed upon his breast;
His brow was pale, his withered hand was cold,
But in his Eye bright Wisdom's Light burned *best*!
His magic wand was poised upon his thumb,
And balanced were its points with subtlest care;
His dying comrades gathered round him, dumb;
He spake to them: "For water, friends, dig *there!*"

And lo! they found the crystal shining Stream;
And each, refreshed, praised God and drank his fill!
The quiet moon poured o'er them, like a dream;
They slept, in peace—and all the camp lay still.
So, on the path of life, there comes a day
When mortal guides prove false as Fatuous Light;
Then Heavenly Genius comes to point the way!
The darkness scatters, and the road grows bright!

Life's desert sands are cooled and cease to burn;
The arid waste becomes a quiet dell.
"They, passing through the Vale of Baca, turn
Its thirsty leaves into *A Living-Well!*"

In Pharaoh's Court

LITTLE lad, with dappled coat,
Whither wendest thou thy way?
Lonely, wandering and remote,
Fainting at the dawn of day?

"I am Jacob's son and heir.
And I roam to find my sheep;
I have had a Vision fair
In the magic hour of sleep!"

I have hunted near and far,
Over sands that burnt my feet;
Guided only by my Star—
Naught to drink and scant to eat!"

Little lad, with weary feet
Tired face and tangled hair,
Who are these with thee I meet
Whom thou followest in despair?

"These are Midianites—for marts
Where they barter *robes and feasts*;
And they deal in *broken hearts*;
And my coat is *torn by beasts*!"

Noble youth, in dungeon dark
With thy wild eyes, sad and red,
Dost thou bare a culprit's mark
In these caverns of the dead?

“Faithful stood I by my post,
But I was betrayed and barred;
Still I serve the Holy Ghost—
With my visage stained and marred!”

Stately Prince ! in Pharaoh’s Court !
With thy gems and robes of state !
Art thou he who once was “bought”
And who peered through “prison gate”?

Who are these who prostrate kneel
Pleading for thy Bread-of-Life?
“‘Brothers’ these !—who made me feel
Sorrow’s scourge, and hunger’s knife !

“Cast me broken in the pit !
Sold me unto brutal bands !
Stained my robe—of colors—knit—
With their jealous bloody hands !

“Ah, I see ‘The Vision’ now !
All the sacred Path-of-Pain !
And the ‘Harvest sheaves that bow’
And my Heart is whole again !

O’er Life’s waste the dry sands flew !
But the desert waits *this* hour,
For *one* falling drop of dew !
And the burst of *one* sweet flower !”

The Byway Search

INTO the byways go,
With thoughtful step and slow,
To find The TRUE!
Not as the pompous go,
But as the still streams flow—
Bright, clear and blue.

As for lost diamonds search
Under the mold and smirch,
And dark;
Into each crevice creep;
Wake those who faint or sleep;
Rouse them to hark!

Ye shall not strive nor cry;
It is not you—but I
The Lord of Life—
That calleth to My feast—
The great unto the least!
I need no strife.

Mercy—not sacrifice—
Words gentle, sweet and wise,
These I require.
Give to the starved My Bread,
Till each poor soul be fed;
Ask not for 'hire'!

He that shall lose for Me
He alone groweth free,
He only gains!
*If man doth lose his soul,
Though he grasp riches whole,
Worthless his pains!*

Like an hid treasure's glow
Under the slime and snow—
 Sell all thou hast
To buy My pearl so pure!
Then thou hast treasure sure—
 Wealth that will last!

Deep are the wells of Light
Long hid from human Sight—
 These now reveal!
Many, the "great," have sought—
"Righteous" and "prophets" bought—
 Break now the SEAL!

Blest are the eyes that see
And the ears ope'd to thee;
 Take of My heaven!
Though they lose all below
Into their souls shall flow
 Treasures-of-Heaven!

None of the vain shall know
Of that vast overflow
 Of Light!
They are the foolish, blind,
Careless, unwise, unkind,
 Darkened of sight.

"I've bought a field!" they cry;
"I've wed a maid!" and "I—
 I train my ox!"
Eyes—but they do not see!
Ears—but they hear not thee!
 Their hearts *rocks*!

Let the dead bury their dead!
See Thou my TRUTH be said
 To the just!
Only the souls that give
Of My Life Bread, *live*—
 All else is *dust*!

Faint Heart

ELIJAH, tired of this vale of tears,
And breaking under poverty and years,
Cast down his load beneath the juniper tree;
And prayed the Lord—if so His will might be—
To let him die, at length, and go to rest:
“Oh, grant it, Lord, if so thou deemest best!

“I see no conscience in this evil place,
Nor can I mark the progress of my race,
Unto Thy Law of Spiritual Things.
The rolling year only more madness brings!
More folly, and more wanton crimes occur;
Myself no better than my fathers were!

“It is enough! O grant my broken heart
That, worn and sad, I to some place depart
Where I shall find the gentle and the pure;
Some blest oasis, sheltered, quiet, sure,
Where Thou mayst sometimes smile, and show Thy
hand;
Like shadow of cool rock—in weary land!”

The Lord who once by Hagar’s dying boy
Awoke its mother by that sound of joy—
The burst of bubbling springs by angels shown—
Now cheered Elijah: “Son, faint not, nor moan!
Rise! Eat and drink! I have a Hidden Host
Who serve—not Mammon, but the *Holy Ghost!*”

Shepherd, Poet, King

H MOUNTAIN top—and glory shining far!
Above—the shimmering host of sun and star!
The far pale splendors of the quiet moons;
The endless ecstasies of nights and noons!

Beside him browse his flocks of gentle sheep;
His staff he holds, and doth his vigil keep;
Stern rocks and the dim forests of the wild;
Alone he stands—a brave, bronzed, kingly child!

The lion and the bear have marked their prey,
While the dark shadows haunt the dying day;
And there is naught to help—save God and Heaven!
And that strong prayer within—Faith's constant
leaven.

Stand! matchless Beauty of heroic Art!
Thy priceless faith shall rend Hell's jaws apart!
And rescue from the bloody maws of Greed
God's flocks of Innocence that thou dost feed!

Stand! Teacher of God's Truth, and Love, and
Art,
Like David strong!—with ever dauntless heart!
No more alone! Angelic hosts on high
Descend to help—with God and Nature nigh!

The Spring by the Gate

Stood David—in the Wilderness—
Helping his little band's distress;
Of those who, harrassed and forlorn,
Had been by world injustice torn.

Hot sweat drops marred his weary face—
By brutal Saul “outlawed”—“disgraced”!—

He murmured: “Would that I might drink
Of the pure well whose pearly brink
Sparkles beside sweet Bethlehem's Gate
And cools the pathway—early—late!

There spring the flowers on mossy greens
Held now by heartless Philistines !”

Then heroes three together spake;
And through the foe, at night, they break,
And bring that water to his lip;
He grasps the nectar—longs to sip—
But turning, sighs, through lips close sealed:
“Not by thy wounds would I be healed !”

Christ! Captain! leading on Thy Band
Through weary paths by Thy Right Hand
To heal the sad Earth's dire distress,
Sweet waters smile—not “wilderness”—
For Thee, beside thy Father's throne!
Thou wilt not drink that bliss *alone!*

Thou wilt not leave thy Loved to Fate!
Nor bask beside the Heavenly Gate
At yon still spring of peace and rest!
Thou—to us weary—whispereth:
“My Comforter to thee I'll send!
Belov'd! I'm with thee to the end!”

Galilee

THE Master stood beside the sea
Of the far land of Galilee;
His friends were tossing on its waves.
Whose wild foam swept them to their graves;
While he stood safely on the strand
Where the surf fades out on firm, soft sand.

By journeys worn, in heart and frame,
Through cares and sorrows long, he came.
He sighed for rest beneath the trees
Where green grass waved in the evening breeze;
Where, safe behind some sheltering hill,
The storm grew hushed, the night grew still.

He peered across the breakers dark
And watched the tossing of their bark.
He knew they would not find their way;
That all must sink ere dawn of day!
He strode forth on the waters wild!
Behold! they hushed, and the winds grew mild!

Ah, soul so faint! that sinks aghast
At journeys long and trials past;
Look up! once more, o'er Life's dark waste!
Step out! be brave!—to the rescue haste!
He saves himself who saves his friend!
God's Great Arm holds you to the End!

Still Waters

“**B**ESIDE still waters” shall ye rest
 “*In the New Day!*”

So sing the voices of the blest,
 So prophets say.

Not noise nor strife nor frenzied haste,
Nor greed nor pride nor wanton waste.

“**G**reen pastures” doth the Lord “prepare”
 For those who love.

’Tis not the falcon of the air
 But the meek dove
Which he selects to symbol Heaven—
The emblem of His Spirit, given.

“**T**he Lord was not in tempest wrack,
 But still small Voice.”

To Gideon’s Band he spoke: “Go back!
 Whoever faints—at choice!

I need not any human power,
But quiet Faith and *Mine Own Hour!*

“**A**nd lo! the armies of the Wrong
 Become each other’s foes;
And troops that deem themselves so strong,
 Fall by their own blind blows!

Hold up My Torch to its full light!
’Tis I empower thee for My Fight!

“**N**ot they who trust in man or horse
 Shall ride across My field,
When Satan lies a fallen corse,
 And all his legions yield!

I need no power but My Right Arm!
Go pray—and banish false alarm!”

The Angel of Healing

Faint mortal strength! O why shouldst thou aspire
To stand alone and climb the steeps of care,
When God and saints and angels are afire
With Love—to lift thee to the upper air?
To buoy thy halting step; to heal each wound!
Where 'mid the world, can such High Help be found?

Go lean thy weakness on *God's* Mighty Heart—
Who made thine own and knows thy need of Him!
Lo! here's His angel with wide healing Art!
Drink deep His portion poured thee to the brim!
Quaff all its strength and let the rich wine flow
Through all thy veins; and its strong uplift know!

Its current fill thy heart with wise resolve;
Its pure elixir lights thine eyes aflame;
Thy soul shall all its solemn problems solve;
Thy forehead wear thy Great Creator's name!
Rise up and walk! and be by Him upheld—
The Ancient One of Days! the Angel of the Eld!

O'er all thy weakness, lo! His wings are spread;
And all His strength is wrapped about thy form.
Fear not! thy foes are banished to the dead;
Dread not the rocks, the darkness, nor the storm!
Soft fan His pinions like the down of dove;
And round thy shadowy future are His arms of
Love.

The Gates of Life

CHRIST sat within a dying widow's room
Making it bright and like a floweret bloom,
Casting away the sadness and the gloom,
Dispelling doubt, the death damp, and the doom.

A knock was heard upon the hovel gate—
Another mother's voice: “My child, I wait;
Thy father, too; the midnight hour is late;
Why wanderest thou afar, should not thy quest
abate?”

Then softly spake the Son, our Saviour dear:
“Loved Mother Mine, have thou no doubt nor fear!
I came into this world of shadows drear
To brush away the gloom, and bid the Sun appear!
Behold! the Earth is *Mine*! and every flower
Blooms but to prove the *God-Life* in this hour
Of death, transition, growth—unto My Higher
Bower!
I have encamped, with man, *one night*—*his soul to dower!*”

Wouldst thou deprive a sister's spirit frail
Of this sweet cup which brings the Holy Grail?
This sacred wafer, pressed to lips so pale?
Bow low! and greet thy Mother-God! Cry ‘Hail’!

Over the endless Space and Time I pass!
This earthly bondage fades—all flesh is grass!
No star stays Me! no earthly ‘tie’, alas!
He is my ‘brother’—‘friend’—who *drinks with me this Glass!*”

Frankincense

THE Master, Christ, was journeying on toward death,
And many mockers hung, with bated breath,
To watch him at the table, temple, mart;
To ply hard questions, and to rend his heart.

Thus once he sat, attending at their feast;
A woman entered—and their murmurs ceased !

She bears a vial of frankincense fine
That fills the hall with fragrance where they dine!
Most choice and costly are its contents rare!
She pours them on his feet, and with her hair
She bathes and soothes and wipes away the mire—
So loving was the Faith that did inspire!

Then whined the voice of Judas with the gold:
“This precious substance had been better sold
And paid out to the poor—not thrown away!”
(Not that he loved the poor did he this protest say;
But hypocrite at heart, and full of brag,
He was a wily thief and *held the bag*).

Then Christ spoke gently, without scorn or frown,
But sadly mild, in meekness looking down:
“The poor, alas ! forever claim your aid;
Yet through all time let this sweet truth be said:
This was the fragrance of A Loyal Heart!
More choice than gems of gold or radiant Art!”

So, on the pathway of this weary life,
Unfurl Love’s flag and still sin’s cruel strife!
Cast thou thy seed upon Faith’s troubled sea;
It shall roll back and bring thy bread to thee!
Pour forth thy fragrance in some generous Deed
The sad world craves it—this the Master’s need !

A Country Funeral

I HEAR the sad tone of the bell!
Slow and low doth it fall on the ear!
From the quaint village steeple it fell
O'er the landscape now frozen and drear,
And I see the long, wandering line
As it winds down the white country hill;
And the wagons that tip and decline
Toward the graveyard—so lonesome and still!

Tis an old mother's form, in the earth
That they lay there, at last, to its rest.
Brought back to the soil of its birth
From her wanderings far in the West.
And I say to my soul, as I sigh:
"Yes this is the Symbol of Life!
Borne back to its Birthplace on high.
It has passed from all turmoil and strife!"

Back, back to the Home-of-the-Heart,
There the Mother-God opens Her breast;
In that birthplace of Beauty and Art,
Love, Music, and Goodness—to rest!
In that source of the Sun's magic flame;
In that pathway of moon and of star;
Let us lay down at last our weak frame.
In God's palace of Wonder and Awe!

Moonlight on Matilija Mountain

OVER the Californian vale
Soft falls the moonlight calm and pale,
The purple mountain rises vast
And on the evening sky is cast
Its outlines melting in the blue,
With every soft cerulean hue!

Low are its flanks that droop below,
And vibrate through the afterglow.
A thousand ridges swim and glide
Amid the twilight's molten tide
Of radiant wonder!—amber gleams
That flood the vale with tender dreams!

Above, like some faint Indian boat,
Yon slender crescent moon doth float;
Bearing—like diamond on her horn—
The bright gem Hesperus, till the dawn!
As though a brooch for Heaven's fair
Queen
More brilliant far than Earth has seen!

Deep slumber drowns this vale of rest;
Man sleeps at peace on Nature's breast.
The almond, and the olive-bloom
Peep fragrant through Night's tender gloom!
And orange groves, from incensed sods,
Distill strange nectars of the gods!

How doth the soul expand and rise
In adoration toward the skies!
And broaden, like that vasty deep,
Whose lapping waves near vigil keep;
And, like our pulses, more and more
Beat onward toward yon Heavenly Shore!

Purging the Dross

O POET, weave for us an holy rhyme,
Wrought from heroic notes of nobler time!
Break from the slavish breed of selfish ease!
Cast out the moral leprosy—disease—
Of greed and rapine—foul corruption's courts!
Sound tocsins of the soul, and man its forts
With civic virtue! Haste and seek ye men
Whom God Eternal hides in cave and den;
Who will not bow the knee to brutal Baal;
Nor, silent, pass, when Manhood's cast in jail!

A curse upon the parasites of wealth,
Who rob the toiling multitudes by stealth!
Who buy our judges, lease our courts and halls
Of legislature (which their craft installs)
To blunder broadcast, and to blind the eyes
Which else would see *God's omens in the skies!*

Has He not cast out Spain—destroyed her hold—
In that she grew corrupt by *lust for gold*?
Did He not hurl His spear, and drown in blood
Our land—when slavery His Right withstood?
Shall He not, now, a bitter ransom ask
For every white slave crushed by cruel task?
For every child so basely robbed of youth,
Hope, health, life, learning, pity, love and truth?—
Bent down to death by grim machinery's wheel,
To glut the maws of monsters made of steel!

How shall we call this age “an age of good”
When Mammon blights true Man-and-Womanhood?
When heaping matter does but stunt the mind,
And leaves the heart more naked, cold, and blind!
When haste to grasp does but increase life's strain,
And kills the conscience for false pride and gain!

God grant us souls of truer, purer wealth!
—The riches of the heart, mind, conscience, health—
Who now at last High Heaven begin to see;

Who spread those Lights of bright Eternity;
Of matchless Beauty; of supernal Faith;
The dauntless Wisdom that surmounteth Death!

God lift the masses to their first birthrights!
And build, within them, those o'erwhelming mights
That come from courage, conscience, zeal and toil;
And virtues, blessing those who love the soil!
The *simple virtues*, clean and calm and pure;
The honest, wholesome virtues that endure!

Whirling Wheels

("Machinery Hall," St. Louis' Centennial.)

I stood by mighty forces
And watched the piston speed,
Swift as Apollo's horses,
More fleet than stag or steed!
And overhead 'mid rafters
And underneath the floor,
Stayed not by sighs nor laughters
Went on the ceaseless roar!

I pondered link and pulley,
Bright lever, brace and screw;
Each bore its part so fully,
As on the engines flew!
Then Thought shot through the ceiling,
And saw the planets roll,
With God's vast Dream and Feeling,
And tasks for every soul!

Take hold then faithful workers,
With swift and willing hands!
Let's not be shiftless shirkers,
But link the gliding bands!
And every thoughtful master
Who plans for men their 'job',
Be just!—and join the faster
Those Wondrous-Wheels-of-God!

Chandelles du St. Esprit

(“Holy Ghost Candles” or ‘Spanish Bayonet’)

Apon the jagged mountainside,
Among the ragged canyonstones,
Where snow peaks climb in glittering pride,
And coyot gnaws the buffalo bones;
Bright “candles” of the “St. Esprit”
Hold up their arms and speak to me:

“O traveler on life’s barren waste
Among the bones of dying men
And wolfish monsters, rise! make haste!
Behold My cross and diadem!
Hold up the Torch of ‘St. Esprit’!
Extend its light to make men free!

What care the Gods for mountain’s pride
That glitters cold with ‘Science-Truth’?
While on life’s weary highway side
Wild passions gnaw the heart of youth.
Above the roar and wrack of death
Hold up the torch of Love and Faith!

Adown the canyon pours the stream
Begotten from those mighty cliffs!
Alas! their power grows worse when warm;
Their melting sweeps the rocks adrift!
The traveler dreads that dripping snow,
Its cruel mercy, far below!

For who can tell what they will spare
Before they sleep in quiet dale?
Bold, clambering human hearts beware!
The strength of man may not avail!
One golden torch on high I see—
That faithful ‘Flower-of-St. Esprit’!

The flower that breathes its fragrance still
Whate'er of storm or sun betide.
That recketh not of joy nor ill,
And counteth not on power or pride.
Its beauty asks alone to be
The humble 'Flower-of-St.-Esprit!'"

Old Mission Belfry

BESIDE a moss-grown ragged wall
In his old robes frayed,
I found a poor friar, gaunt and tall,
Who by his bells had stayed.
He sang and rang in poverty—
"Not wealth—but *Harmony.*"

O'er all the crumbling cloister shrine
The mellow sunlight flowed,
And up and down in the pale moonshine
His trembling bell-cord goes.
The worn frame of the belfry bell
Totters still his tale to tell:

"O Men of Dust! why strive and stress
For greed and fame?
How false the pride that breeds distress—
Ye die the same!
O'er each one's grave this bell must
toll;
What price can pay for one lost soul?

"Tis Peace, not Power the skies approve,
A conscience clear;
A heart at rest with human love
And the Christ dear.
Saint Francis' bride was 'Poverty'!
Not wealth—but HARMONY!"

The Buried Bell

HEY tell of a buried Bell
That fell in an earthquake's maw;
Of its note that forever would float
Through each crevice and rift and flaw,
With a sound from the underground
Of Eternal Harmony's law.

And it seems to me still I dream
Through the jar and mar of life,
Though each rift and drift and seam
Of the world's sad social strife,
Of that Bell—like the song in a shell
That was left where the storms were
rife!

O Life! as thou rendest the heart,
O death! with thy loss and thy pain
Wilt thou gather those pieces that part?
Wilt thou heal up those fragments again?
Shall we grasp Heaven's Music and Art
When we clasp—in God's light—after
rain?

O Harmonies endless and vast
Over oceans and mountains that roll,
Thy infinite broodings must last
Past the ripples that ruffle the soul!
The storm and the pain shall flow past,
And the Peace-of-the-Lord flood the
Whole!

Redivivit

A LITTLE soil—
A little rain—
A little toil—
Then flowers again !
A little snow, a little sun,
And lo ! a New Spring has begun !

So, in my heart,
On earth below :
A little smart—
A passing blow—
A breath of Love—a kindly smile—
And lo ! I bloom again the while !

Pour out thy grace
Then, friend again !
Show smiling face !
Dismiss the rain !
Breathe out Love's fragrance on the air,
And woo me from the world's despair.

For lo ! I pass—
As pass the years !
As droops the grass—
As drop the tears !
And, ere the joy of Life's begun,
Behold !—Time's golden sands are run !

The Giant Sequoias

O LOFTY giants of the elder prime!
How may the feeble lips, of mortal, rhyme
A measure fitted to thy statures grand,
As like a gathering of Gods ye stand,
And raise your solemn arms up to the skies,
While through your leaves pour Ocean's symphonies!

What Druid lore ye know! what ancient rites—
Gray guardians of ten thousand days and nights!
Watching the stars swim round their sapphire pole,
The ocean surges break about earth's brimming
bowl,
The cyclone's driving swirl, the storm-tossed seas,
Hymning for aye their myriad litanies!

What monsters of the mount, the forest deep,
Have crept beneath thy shadows to their sleep?
What soaring eagle, with proud sweep of wing,
Has dared thy crests of grandeur dazzling—
In morning's glory—or when evening's glow
Had bathed thy foreheads with its overflow?

What dawn of Life saw Ye, Grand Prophets old?
What pristine years? What advents manifold?
When first the glaciers in their icy throes
Were grinding thy repasts; and feeding thee with
snows?
What earthquake shocks? What changes of the sun?
While ye laughed down their wrack and builded on!

What nomad savage gazed aloft in awe
Through thy cathedrals, and forgot his war?
What zealous Friar, far beyond his race,
Fell at thy feet and bowed his alien face?
Then gathering here his humble acolytes
Of Indian converts, taught them holy rites?

The birds are in thy branches—hark their song!
Eternal Nature's Anthem they prolong!
The clambering squirrel, on adoring knees,
Holds up his grateful hands amid thy trees!
Then why not man—frail pigmy of the dust—
Learn of thee how to live and how to trust?

Great Sentinels-of-Life! your book I read!
Dearer and clearer far than human creed:
The strength and constancy of Truth ye tell;
And stalwart Courage; aye! ye teach them well!
While, by thy verdant Power and Peace, we grope
Up to thy sky-kissed crowns of Faith and Hope!

Pacific Ocean

BEAUTIFUL, wonderful sea!
Opaline, sun-kissed and calm,
Stilled come Life's murmurs to me,
Softened and soothed by thy charm!
All of thy tides, in their flow,
Bathe me with peace like a flood;
All of my mercy I'd know
—Pensive and healing of mood.

Out of the East with its rush,
Storm wrack and frenzy of haste,
Into the West with its hush,
Come I—thy kindness to haste.
Burdened with weariness sad,
Chastened with heart over-worn,
Shrinking from worldliness mad,
Loathing its blight and its scorn!

Ocean so mighty! so calm!
Bountiful, beautiful Sea!
Gather me into Thine Arm—
Restful, benignant and free!
Shield me from sorrow and harm,
Over me let thy peace be,
Cover me save from alarm—
Wonderful, worshipful Sea!

Song of the Silver Sea

My curving harp is the wandering Shore!
Each string is a silvery wave!

My fingering winds play evermore
Those notes so light and grave!

Each rainbow'd shell is a winding key,
The foam flecks ever lave!

Above, I spread my angel wings
Of sunlit, fleecy cloud!
And o'er the bars my deep surf sings,
In surges soft and loud!
Of every sparkling note it rings
My Nature-Soul is proud!

The sea gulls are my choristers;
And stormy petrels cry;
Through every floating reed that stirs
My murmurs softly die;
They rise and fall where the sea mew
whirs;
Along the shores they lie!

My basso is the tempest shock
That round my islands raves,
When great ships wreck upon some rock,
Or 'whelm them in their graves!
I play the requiem to their souls
With tears my storm-clouds have!

But, softer than the songs of love,
When full moon moves my tide,
The music of my bright chords rove
And on the winds abide;
Then droop, at last, like nesting dove
On slumbering mountainside.

O! Who shall sing my deep Sea-Song?
What poet wild and free?
He must be pure from greed and wrong
If he would chant with me!
God tune his heartstrings, tense and
strong,
Throughout Eternity!

Columbus

GIVE to the winds our sail!
Let every spar be manned!
Hail to a new world! Hail!
I see a glorious strand
Over the bounding deep!
Let no true hero sleep!

Not gold alone, nor gems,
Nor fragrant spices rare;
Not courts nor diadems,
But matchless mountains fair!
Vast stream and inland sea!
—And vaster Liberty!

On! to the New World speed!
Now Fate and Time befriend!
Our love shall fill each need,
And Freedom never end!
There, where the gods are vast,
Let Truth and Wisdom last!

Cast, far behind, each fear!
Each grovelling greed or hate!
Bright hope and faith draw near!
And carping cares abate!
On to the brighter shore!
Heed old world crimes no more!

Leave despots far behind!
Let war and ravin cease!
God's Grace breathes on the wind!
Lead on O Prince of Peace!
Friends, guard forevermore
That holier, happier Shore!

The Broncho-Buster

HERE he comes!—dark and swarth!
Just in from the grim North,
Where the winds drive
And the herds thrive;
With his “kit” he sallies forth!

Under his broad sombrero
On his black stud Nero,
Straight astraddle
Traps and saddle—
With a gay swing, and—a cheer-o!

Cartridge, belt, and gun;
And a keen taste for fun!
Stogies a few—
Pistols—lasso—
And his spurs for a run!

Give him a good snug pack
Well girt, so it won’t rack!
He’s away
With the dawn o’ day!
O he’s a “cracker-Jack”!

Give him a bronco frisky,
And a stiff snack o’ whiskey!
That’s his style
Many a mile—
Pike’s Peak to San Francisky!

Little he recks of rain,
Or of long ride and strain!
 Clean and trim,
 He's a "Dandy-Jim"!
Full of good brawn and brain.

'Snap for danger—he cares!
What man can do he dares!
 Up steep Sierra—
 Down deep Aroya—
Wolves—panthers—or bears!

O but the breeze is his breath
Derring do!—life or death!—
 Torrents!—or snows!
 So he goes!
Here's, to his brow, a Wreath!

The Coyote

DARK! I hear the coyote call
As the ghostly shadows fall!
As the night wind sighs and moans
O'er the desert's bleaching bones!
 "Ha! Ha! Ha!" he grimly laughs
 As he scents the tamedog paths.

"Bah!" he sniffs; "the cowards sleep
In the corral with the sheep,
Fenced about with traps and guns,
Knowing naught where wild game runs.
 And they drowse and take their ease,
 Craven, fawning, full of fleas!"

“Naught they know of Bruin’s tracks
Nor of fleet deer in their packs;
Nor of partridge, nor of plover,
Nor of rabbit in his cover;
Nor the swift race down the wind
For the buffalo and hind!

“See them wag their tails, and stand
Whining round to lick some hand
That will throw them crumbs of bread!—
But put collars on their head!
Chain them to some post to bark!
Timid fools, afraid of dark!

“Parasites of greed and grease!
How they envy my release!
Free as eagle—where I roam;
All of Nature is my Home!
All alone I win my Life
And I conquer storm and strife!

“Ha! Ha! Ha! they fear my gangs,
And my rip of razor fangs,
And they dare not try my jaws,
So they think I’ll heed their ‘laws’!
Never jump their fat pig pens!
Never fright their foolish hens!

“Ha! Ha! Ha! the hypocrites!
How they wish they had my wits!
And my wisdom born of grief!
And my spirit’s wide relief!
—For they ‘eat the sheep’—*the same!*—
Very moral!—yes!—in name!”

The Stormy Petrel

(After Maxim Gorky.)

DEAR the shrieking wind—
And the tempest roar!
And the fierce wild wrack
On the shaking shore!

I care not for that cry !
I sail on high—on high !
I, the Storm petrel, fly !

I dare the rough rain
In its cruel rage!
No little wren—I—
In a wicker cage !

I love the storm ! the storm !
I brave its brume and harm !
Its lightning flash is warm.

Low, with my bold wing,
I flick the wet wave;
Then heavenward spring
From that swirling grave !
Hark ! to my glad, far call !
Over the billows wall
Hope do I bear to all !

Harbinger, high and free,
Of man's victory !
Foam-flecked and sea-spumed—
To the rock-torn, doomed
And wrecked, I cry: "*Fight on !*
Strong arms the life-boat man !
Brave hearts to shore have won!"

Parting the cloud wreath—
Laughing at vain death—
Lo ! I gain fresh strength
From the storm's fierce breath!
Joyous, I rise and run !
For I know that the Sun
Shines when the storm is done !

Port Arthur

THE battle is on at the throat of Port Arthur!
There's naught of the danger the brave Jap will
care for.
He sails against death on his fire ship fearful,
No thought now of home nor of little ones tearful,
But only to die as he thinks that he ought to,
With this one last cry as he sinks—which he fought to:
"Mikado! Mikado! long live the Mikado!"

For what is the Meaning so vast that he gives to
This death cry of his, to the "sacred Mikado?"
'Tis the dream of his life that he ever prove "*faithful*,"
Nor ever surrender, nor yield back—disgraceful—
His Hope of a Home in the *Bosom-of-Buddha*!
Not death but dishonor he thinks of with shudder;
And cries: "O Mikado! Long live the Mikado!"

For higher than kings he discerns The Celestial!
And baser than demons he knows is the Bestial!
He too seeth "Christos"—he too hateth "Nero!"
And cries: "Down with despots!" and dies a *true hero*!
Not names but the *Essence-of-Right* is eternal!
He loves the Divine as he hates the Infernal!
Though he dies, still he cries: "O God bless the Mi-
kado!"

'Tis not the poor Mujik in arms, he reproaches;
But inhuman Czar—who deceives and encroaches!
Hypocrisy fails, but Man's Heart stands revealed!
God cares not for titles, but *motives unsealed*!
On one side is Greed—Human Right on the other!
The time comes, when *man must treat man as a*
"Brother!"
So true men re-echo: "God bless the Mikado!"

Above the Forest Fire

OVER the mountain range
I rode before the fire,
Watching the wild wind change;
Clambering ever higher!
A race for gasping breath!
A race with burning death!

Down in the vale below
I scanned the roaring tide;
The fierce and red-black glow,
Curling its neck in pride
Like a copper cobra's coil
Seeking man's hopes to foil!

Where now the morning pure
And the cool dawn serene;
The cabins with flower's allure;
The peaceful orchards green?
Look at the fire's swath!
And the smoke's ghostly wraith!

Such is man's life on earth!
In youth his heart is clean;
Fair the loved home of birth;
And the paths were joy has been;
Then comes the World's hot breath!
The soul's grim fight with death!

Mount on thy steed O Soul!
Spur Faith! and upward flee!
Rise to the truth of The Whole!
—Bright through eternity.
Faint not, nor fail, nor stop!
Safe thou shalt reach the top!

Then as the flames recoil
And the heats of the red blood cease;
Thou shalt ride back—and foil
Their ravin; and rest in peace!
Then shalt Life's vale, for you,
Blossom with flowerets new!

Hamaguchi

By the shore of the Sea of Japan,
On the hill in the sunlight aglow,
Hamaguchi—as old legend ran—
Lived and watched, where the wild waters flow
From the shore to the deep-sounding sea;
And grew part of its Grand Symphony.

In his heart bloomed a broad Nature Love
With its warmth and its rich overflow,
Coming down from those spirits above
Who man's trials and suffering know.
So he blended his life with the poor,
And the needy ne'er turned from his door.

Till at last, growing feeble and old,
While he harvests his crops on the hill;
He felt that vast submarine roll
Of an Earthquake's unspeakable thrill !
While the waters drew back from the strand
And uncovered the shell-bestrewn sand.

He beheld how the people, amazed
At the treasures and wonders revealed,
Hurried down to the sea shore, adazed,
To collect the strange wealth long concealed !
Then the heart in his bosom froze fast
When he felt that such tide *could not last* !

He recalled how, to him as a lad,
His grandfather told of the day
When such sudden catastrophe sad
Had swept a whole village away
From an island far north of this home !
Such a tide ! with its fearful *income* !

So he hasted and lighted a match
And set burning his ricks far and wide,
Till he drew up the folk to his thatch
And away from the back-setting tide.
They came climbing with friendship's desire
To rescue his crops from the fire.

Yet no sooner were all safe on high,
Than old Ocean, with on-rush and roar,
Poured its might to engulf—and swept by—
Till the hamlet existed no more!
Then the people such gratitude felt
That in awe at his *Spirit* they knelt.

And they builded their town once again.
And erected a wonderful shrine,
With its legend of Love, to explain
How his deed through the ages should shine!
And they worshipped, with beauty and ~~lart~~,
That *Spirit-of-Love in his heart*.

Then they tell how his modesty, true,
Never claimed any “prize” or “reward,”
For that love so unselfish, which flew
To their rescue—at loss of its hoard;
But he knelt with them, meekly, to pray
To That God that had prompted that way!

The New Day

I SEE the young moon glow
Like a slight, slender bow
In the West!
Like a gold canoe frail,
That doth float and sail
On the blue night's breast!

Like a gem at the horn
Of the coming morn
Hesperus shines;
At the tip of the prow
Of the moon's bright bow
When night declines.

O for the New Day
When Love's roundelay
Shall be heard!
Brighter than glittering gem
Or than flowering stem
Or song of bird!

Then shall *My Love* be known!
And shall hold its high throne
In Life's Heart!
She shall turn the New Page,
And Earth's grief assuage
With God's Art.

Song of the Rain Drops

HARK! hear the raindrops, Mother!
Wake up and let us look!
It surely is no other—
I hear that little brook!
That soft and quiet patter
Upon the old farm roofs!
That sweet and gentle clatter
That brings to me the proofs!

How long we watched and waited
To let the drought drag past,
Thank God it's now abated!
We hear sweet drops at last!

We've toiled and pinched in sorrow,
Our tears were all the rain;
We've saved and skimped and bor-
rowed,
We seemed to pray in vain!

O God! how dear that tinkle
Where those bright raindrops fall!
How pure and blest they twinkle
Upon the old stone wall!
The birds sing all the sweeter!
The dry earth drinks her fill!
While down the canyon fleeter
There flows that silver rill!

Old father was so weary
With months of arid toil!
The land had grown so dreary,
So hard and cracked the soil;
The pasture lands lay naked;
The cattle drooped and died;
The crops fell sear and bak-ed
Upon the mountainside!

Hark! hear those raindrops Mother!
Each flower is filled with joy!
That's fruit and grain and clover!
That's plenty of employ!
I see the blossoms bursting!
The pastures green and rank!
No hunger more, nor thirsting!
There's money in the bank!

Drop by Drop

My grass plot
With flowers
Has a spot
Where fresh showers
Flash from cool water tube
And do the grass good!

When my man
Winds his hose,
Takes his can—
Homeward goes—
Birds fly to drink
To the pipe's bright brink!

Drop by drop
Fall the clear
Pearls—and don't stop,
But appear
One by one in the sun,
As they sparkle and run!

Robins red,
Lark and linnet,
And the goldfinch
Dip in it;
And the gay mocking bird
With his quaint pranks absurd.

But, alas!
One by one
Must they drink
And be done;
For the nectar comes *choice*—
They drink fast and rejoice!

Ah, dear friend,
Such is Life!
It must end—
And the strife

For the pearls cannot last!
One by one they drop past!

Let us drink
While we may!
Link by link!
Day by day!
While Love's golden drops run!—
Fast they fly to the sun!

To a Pupil in Art

WHAT is Beauty? What is Art?
Tell us Nature from thy heart!
"Ah, my child, glance round and see—
Open eye and bended knee!"

Everywhere through endless space
One eternal Plan I trace—
Ever one supreme Desire
To UNFOLD and to ASPIRE!

God within and God around!
Dost thou feel His Soul profound
Breathing on, from age to age!
—Opening Nature page by page?

Evermore succeeding years
Each its perfect message bears!
Every stage, through every part,
Glowing bright with beauteous Art!

'*Beauty*' is—the perfect Plan!
'*Art*' is—that *revealed* to man!
'*Beauty*' is—God's hidden Grace!
'*Art*'—the features of His Face!

These we love, and these we seek,
With a conscience brave yet meek!
Till they glow like noonday sun—
Heaven-on-Earth is thus begun!"

Beauty for Ashes

FEED thy Soul—but no longer on *husks*!
On husks that the dull swine do eat!
Let them rend thee no more with their tusks
Nor trample thee down with their feet!
The swine of brute ravin and greed
Who think life was made—“*just to feed*”!

God grant thee the glory of Light
Let thy soul once awake to *His Day*!
Open up all the wonders of Sight
That in splendors of Paradise play
Over mountain and ocean and glen
And the minds of brave man-loving men!

All the dreams that sleep under the hills!
And the lark’s song—the nightingale’s lay—
To the Spirit that fair Nature fills;
And the truths that the wise prophets say
Through the ages—with wisdom afire
In the blaze of Life’s brightest Desire!

Seek the key! and the trance of that Door
Where Aladdin once entered, and found
Life’s Palace and gem covered Floor—
Where the treasures of Knowledge abound!
Let it fill thee with Wonder and Love,
Ere Death bear thee from Earth—far above!

Thou art bound for the Star-Fields-of-Light!
This cold world was not meant for thy home!
Here Greed tramples the Truth and the Right!
And the meek in deep misery roam!
Here the good and the just are crushed down
For the bauble of Mammon’s base crown!

Feed thy Soul!—but no longer on husks!
Spread thy wings to the light of the Sun!
Rise above the dank odors and dusk
Of the Night!—thou hast *yet far to run*!
Speed thy steed for the Land of the Dawn!
Lo! the lights of the Incoming Morn!

The Poet's Mind

WHERE is the Land of Minstrelsy?
Deep in that vale called *Mystery*!
Where shadows droop o'er eyelids sad
Yet verdure blooms by cool springs glad;
And all throughout that sheltered gloom
The soul expands—in Heavenly room!
The Spirit breathes enchanted air
Bright tenanted by Visions' fair!

Where is that Land of Arcady?
Where Love is deep and rich and free!
And worldly tortures cease to rend,
And Peace eternal doth descend,
Upon the weary *Human Heart*!
Where lovers meet *no more to part*
Because their lives are true and free!
That is that "*Land-of-Arcady*"!

Ah! vesper bells begin to toll
And chant sweet slumbers to the soul,
The false world's fashion, pride, and heat,
Pale, pass, and fade beneath our feet;
Lo! now the stars of Hope appear!
Kind harvest crowns the waiting year!
Clasped, heart to heart, Faith journeys on
To those fair "*Isles of Avalon*"!

The Bridegroom Cometh

(“All doth suffer a sea change
Into something rare and strange.”

—Coleridge.)

TIME flies! and with it change the moon’s
Slow phases, ever with the tide’s strong sway;
The changing seasons; and the passing day;
As now the old year, passing, to his death bed
swoons!

I see and hear A Voice which cries: “Prepare!
O world of shadows, for thy Bridal night!
The Bridegroom cometh! let thy torches light!
His voice melodious haunts the Christmas air!

His step is heard upon thy chamber sill,
O Mother, drooping to the manger’s hay!
A light more radiant than the Birth of Day
Beams on thy Beauty—where thou watchest still!

He comes! Thy Maker and thy Lover Host!
And with Him, all the ages change to Spring!
Hark! hear the angels, and their anthems ring!
Sound! Sound the Coming of *the Holy Ghost*!

All tides shall change, and set them to His Star!
And all the watchers through the world’s long night
Shall bless the Coming of His Beauty bright,
And hail, with rapture, His Triumphal Car!”

The Dawn of the New Year

THE midnight bell is tolling out the year,
And ringing in the mellow chimes of change;
Old griefs are passing with a silent tear,
New times are coming with a gladsome cheer!
And opening out the soul to wider range !

What shall it be? O wondrous SOUL of things
That moveth vast, across the realms of space !
What are the joys thy glorious Spirits bring,
What are the songs thy seraph chorals sing,
As, down the track of Time, the Centuries race?

I hear the chant of Harmonies serene !
The songs of Love and Beauty fill the air!
The picture grows—of Knowledge on the screen;
The Wisdom of the ages that have been;
The melodies of Hope—beyond despair !

I see a vision of a world redeemed
By Grace and Goodness; and by Truth embraced!
I see the triumph of a Faith—that seemed
O'ercome by tyrannies, and foes that schemed,
But fell before it and that died disgraced !

I see the Heaven of a Host—upheld
By peaceful Labor and by Conscience clear !
I see returning all the charms of eld
When Eva span and honest Adam delved,
I know the Christ Age Coming!—yes 'tis here!

Vita Nouva

SPRING comes a creeping through the bush,
Through melting snows, through cane and
rush,
With green tips peeping by the rill,
And laughing with the daffodil !

"Ha ! ha !" she cries, with jocund smile,
"Old friends ! I've lost thee for awhile.
I've been to Heaven to see my Queen,
But now return with Beauty's sheen !

I bring God's blossoms in my hair;
I bring His fragrance through the air;
I bring the joyous dancing brooks;
I bring the song birds nesting nooks !

Go forth ! O man—into My field
And gather all My Bosoms yield !
For thee I've born the corn and wine,
Sweet pea, sweet grape, sweet eglantine !

But. for this grace, O child ! beware
Lest thou thy brother man ensnare !
All gifts are in My Garden grand,
But from Greed's-Apple—hold thy hand!"

Easter Choristers

At my window I hear them—the sweet singing
birdlets!

They're here with their anthems so joyous and clear.
O'er mountains and woodlands, o'er fountains and
fenlands

They're up with the morning—melodious and pure!

Like pearls in a goblet of crystalline clearness,
All shaken with sparkles and dancing with light!
I spring from my slumbers to hear their sweet num-
bers!

The Robin! The Bluebird! The Songsparrow bright!

Now tell me fond songsters—with Easter arriving
What land of fair Sunrise you've come from—remote?
I'm sure there were angels, and songbells, and sweet
smells
From flowerets flaming to greet every note!

O Land so surprising! I'm ever surmising
That there *live my "Lost ones"! my Heart Loved!*
my dears!
All through those blest numbers that waken my
slumbers,
I hear their fond Voices! Their forms shine—through
tears!

Primavera

SPRING! Spring! across the mountains flaring!
Whence dost thou come—so jubilantly airing
Thy gorgeous robes of green,
With that gay fresh sheen
From winds and snowflakes pairing?

Lo! the new grass bursts with glad delight
Out of the frosty land and winter's night!
With a Song chanting—
Far and haunting!
Sweet! Sweet! O the fair sight!

Now birdlets sing to each fresh flower!
Rich odor ladens each spring hour!
And wild woods call
To Pan's fond thrall!
And Orpheus woos with power!

A bright star beams on thy brow above
And red lips kiss thy whitewinged dove!
Over the hills
I *feel* the thrills
Of young *Love!* *Love!*

School Bells

LONG the highway pass the little folks to school
With cloaks afloat and golden locks a-flying;
With many a laugh and skip, and kiss from lip to lip,
And happy voices calling and replying!
The blue and red dress, and the yellow hat;
The pink white bodice, apron, and all that!

The bright sunlight goes glinting on wee shoes that
dance,
And daintiest limbs and figures floating by us,
The old school bell is tolling measures while they
prance,
And child-hearts think: "The Principle will spy us
If we should enter, late, the portaled door,
And lose some credit from our merit score!"

Thus all of us are children, in the *Wide World* school,
Where the Great Master of Earth's mightiest books,
Unrolls His lessons long of centuries of rule,
And, down the sun's aisle, casts His lightening looks!
Then turns the page of million layered rocks,
And shows His pictures to His learning flocks.

While from the Heavenly Heights I hear His solemn
Voice:
"Sit down—in front! all proud unruly boys!
Let those behind look up! And let the weak rejoice!
What are to me your child pomps and your toys?
Except ye take, like children, *mercies given*,
Ye shall not enter in My Kingdom—HEAVEN!"

The Flight of the Children

WHENCE do they come? those little ones bright,
With their locks of silk and their eyes of light;
With their lips of pink and their teeth of pearl,
And the halo of Heaven in every curl?

Only the God, who gave them, knows,
Whence each comes and whither each goes!

The toys are strewn on the nursery floor
And questions grow from more to more:
"Papa what's this?" and "Mama what's that?"
"Does n-o-g spell horse or cat?"

Only the Power that formed it knows
How that little Brain, in there, *grows*!

Out in the world's wide field of cares
They struggle to climb 'mid our weeds and tares;
The sun grows hot and the storms grow cold,
And the way seems long ere each grows old!

Only the Prince who gave them Day
Knows the *Path-of-The-King's-Highway*!

Ah, if an angel takes them back
Ere worn feet faint on Life's sad track;
Ere sin can blight or sorrow has stung,
Or fond hearts pass who loved them, young;
Surely the God who filleth Heaven,
Loves them as much *when taken as given*!

Fold then, those little hands, white and still,
And say through thy tears: "It is God's will!"
Wond'rous Author of Life and Death!
Who whispers, when giving pulse and breath:
"Suffer the children to come to me;
They abide in my Breast through Eternity!"

Just from Heaven

SHIMMERING fall the snow flakes,
Each a crystal gem;
Covering white, with mantle light,
Every branching stem!
First, like scattered pickets—
"Here and there a man;"
Then in floes of thickest snows—
All the gathered "clan"!

Soft and low they falter
Above every bush;
Everywhere an altar fair
Stilled in holy hush!
Countless are their legions,
And their hosts, untold!
Seraphs sure—from Regions pure
Since the Days-of-old!

So come Souls of Infants
Floating down to Earth
Strange and still their Entrance Thrill!
Spotless each, at birth!
Blighting human whirlwinds
Brush them through the mire!
Till, at last, from sin they're past!
—Prison terms expire!—

To a Child who Loved Birds

St. Francis, once, a priest of old,
Went wandering 'round the world, I'm told;
And everywhere he went, he prayed
For all the Beauties God had made!

He blessed the Sun—so bright in Heaven;
He blessed the Pleiad Sisters—seven;
He blessed the Moon's soft silver light;
He blessed all wonders of the Night!

He blessed the woodlands shaded rills;
The meadows rich; the mighty hills!
He blessed the flowers that bloom so fair;
He blessed the songbirds in the air!

Like Him—I know a little maid
With whom the birds are not afraid.
They gather at her gentle call
Because—they know *she loves them all!*

Now this, I'm sure, is what will come
When God His creatures "calleth Home":
All sweet and good things will be there
Where Form and Use are fit and fair!

And those, like Francis and this child,
Whose hearts are loving, kind and mild;
To whom all things—beneath—above—
Are ministrings of God's Love;

These will be there upon His Breast;
Parts of the wonders *He expressed!*
For every Grace and every Heart
Is but God's POETRY and ART!

Harbingers of Spring

GRAY winter old!
Thy waters cold
Have melted o'er the hills;
And down their sides,
In laughing tides,
I hear the rippling rills!

No more—apart—
My frozen heart
Waits by its dying fires;
But with new days
And songbirds praise
My soul sings its desires!

On! strong Bird Blue!
So brave and true,
Starting the choral song!
And Robin Red
On dancing tread
Flash thou the fields along!

Sing! Song Sparrow bright
Sparkling and light
Sounding thy silver horn
That pierceth clear
Sleep's drowsy ear
And hails the Rising Morn!

From Blackbird's throat
That bubbling note
Thrilleth across the moor!
Hopes rise and sink
With the Bobolink
That chanteth at my door!

The Catbird calls
As twilight falls
 On his rollicking rondelay;
My heart-throbs rush
To the Hermit Thrush
 As he mourns to the dying day!

O wondrous Soul
Of Nature Whole,
 Chanting Thy many parts!
With Thy flaming wings
Thou touchest the strings
 Of our aching human hearts!

The Snowbird's youth
The Bluebird's truth
 The Sparrow's joy—so shrill!
The Robin's love
For his nest above
 The waking daffodil!

The Blackbird's pearls!
Bobolink's swirls
 Through the hay of the hillside lush;
And the sad sweet sigh
Lost in the sky
 Of the tender Hermit Thrush!

Spirits of Song!
Thy chants prolong
 Till all the Earth shall thrill!
And Heaven's great light
Shall grant full sight
 Of God's CHOIRS INVISIBLE!

California Mocking Birds

QUAVERING through the leaves, under the bright
new moon;
After the long days heat and the dry summer's swoon;
Just as the day cools, with a fresh breeze of hope
And night winds sigh over the meadows slope,

Transfixed—I stop to list—
While those rich notes insist!

Mellow, yet wild, their cry, like spectral spirit guest
Of the deep laden woods! How my quick beating
breast

Starts at thy liquid song, breathing its melody
Like some divine ethereal threnody!

Our pulses swift respond
To thy brave notes so fond!

"Warble, whistle and ripple! wake! whip-up! ha! ha!"
Burgle, bubble and frolic—a rondelay far!
Pearls on pearls break and roll like bright drops from
a bowl

And they thrill, as they spill in a rill, o'er my Soul;
Then thou laughest so light
From thy rapturous height!

Earth and Heaven are combined, in thy full dulcet
tone;

North and South pour the nectar thy throat blends
in one!

Flute and flageolet, bugle, light zithar, guitar!
Diamond, topaz and ruby! Sun, moon, silver star!

Ripe cherries in wine!
Orange blossoms divine!

Genius of Songsters!—so matchless in witchery!
Nature hath fashioned thee, out of *Her Mystery*!
Soloist marvelous! blending all voices!
Thou art the Master in whom each rejoices!

High Priest of Passion!
Supreme for our Nation!

Meadow Larks

BRIGHT pure and silvery note
Bubbling from happy throat
Of meadow lark!
How do I wait to hear
When thy sweet call, clear,
Sings: "Stranger!—hark!"

Upon the dusty way
In the dull heat of day
As I plod on;
Thy Voice salutes mine ear
As from a bugle clear;
"Hear my bright song!"

Sunlight and dawn are in it!
Sweeter than thrush or linnet!
No robin's note,
No wren nor oreole,
Sings from so pure a soul—
Such a clear throat!

Fain must I stop to think;
Blue bird's or Bobolink's
Lingering sweetness,
Long drawn or mellow bright,
Flows not with touch so light—
Crystalline neatness!

Down in the luscious grass
Where fragrant zephyrs pass,
Low sleeps thy nest;
Whispers thy mate to you:
"Humble our love—but true!
Meek life is best!"

Ah ! but I now know *why*
Lark's song, in *azure* sky,
 Heard once by poet,
Made him think *angels sang*;
And his own notes *rang*
 Like thine—to show it!

The Song Sparrow

Tis Spring !
And the ring
Of his note
 Seems to float through the air—
With a glow
 And a flow—everywhere !
With such silvery cadence—so clear!
“Sweet ! Sweet ! O my Love is so sweet !”

As I furrow
 And harrow
 And plow
 The trench narrow—midair
 He darts
 Like an arrow—so clear !
 My darling Song Sparrow so dear!
“Sweet ! Sweet ! O True Love is so sweet !”

No sorrow—
 O sparrow—
 I'll borrow
 From furrow;
 Nor plow, for the morrow, despair !
 Brave Sparrow ! so long as I hear
 Thy voice so divine—through the air;
“Sweet ! Sweet ! O God's Love is so sweet !”

The Blackbird

BLACK with his glossy coat
Shot with turquoise and green,
Iridescent of throat
Like some peacock's in sheen,
What a globular note
From his eyrie doth float!

In the dark cypress tree
What a clatter and call!
How he chatters at me
From the old Spanish wall!
How he pipes from the eaves
To his friends in the leaves!

What a fondness to flock
In the fields—in the street;
Or to rush to some rock
And rejoice at a meet;
There to gossip and spree
As at "afternoon tea"!

How like "Jekyll and Hyde"
Is his sombre pretense;
In his broadcloth of pride
How he struts on the fence,
And affects the night shade
For a dark dress parade!

But he winks with that eye
That is ringed 'round with white;
Then—instead of a sigh—
Like a flash of bright light,
He uncorks a rich bottle of wine
And invites you to dine!

Hear it fall with a crash,
Like cascaded champagne!
With abandon and dash
Like a cloud burst of rain!
Like a beaker of punch from a bowl
How he *pours out his soul*!

O toper, sepulchral and droll,
What a "poseur" you are!
With a gentleman's elegant role
You play "dramatic star"!
But, like Burns, with your *Music Divine*,
How you toss off the Wine!

The Snow Bird

WHAT time the days grow short, the nights grow dark,
And stilled the song of linnet, thrush, and lark;
The Snowbird perches on his silvery twig,
The sunlight glinting from each radiant sprig,
Bespangled with the magic of the snow,
And scintillant with arrows of rainbow!

He counts their diamonds and crystals bright,
Till bursting with the Beauty of the Light
He sounds the call of Courage, Faith and Hope!
Then swims across the dazzling mountain slope
And hides him in the Bosom-of-the-Pine.

So Heart-of-Love! Thy faithfulness and mine
Shall cheer each other, as the days decline;
And sing—and sing—and sing—that song the
Seraphs know:
"There is no Night above!—no Death below!"

Song of the Linnets

“CHEER! cheer!” sing the linnets
Through rapturous minutes,
When daylight first breaks
And the golden Dawn streaks
Through the rose of the morning—so bright!
“Gone! gone is the Night! It is Light!

“We have buried our heads
Under eaves of the sheds,
Where our tender broods sleep;
And the long watch we keep
Through the darkness and silence—till dawn.
It is morn! It is morn! It is morn!

“Twitter, twitter! and call!
Every Voice—one and all!
'Tis the Conquest-of-Day!
Let us sing! let us play!
For the good God our Victory has given!
Look aloft to the Day-Spring of Heaven!”

So, O Soul! do I hear,
Bright and brave, high and clear
Through the night watch of Life,
O'er its care and its strife:
“It shall come! Joy and home!
And the wings of our Soul shall find room!

“Never doubt nor despair!
O'er the Sea—through the air—
O'er the Earth—through the sky—
In the sure By and bye—
There is Hope! There is Peace! It shall come!
And the Love in our Hearts shall find Home!”

Humming Bird

DAZZLING flame of vibrant fire
Darting, meteor like, midair!
Fluttering with intense desire,
Flickering here and flashing there!
Tiny winged Beam-of-Light
Thou art Rapture at its height!

Glittering gem of Essence fine,
Drunk with ecstasy of Life!
Courting flowers to sip their wine—
Searchest thou Celestial wife?
Art thou Cupid—sent of Jove—
Quaffing honey from each Love?

Art thou more?—*The Soul of Art!*
Shot by Zeus—from Empyrean!
Gathering nectar from each heart;
Poising but to pour thy paean
On the drowsy summer breeze!
Chanting with the murmuring bees!

Like some hymn from sea shell horn,
While thy form of stainedglass glows;
Like the dewdrops of the morn
Shattered by the bright rainbows:
Quivering petals wide apart
'Till thou thrill them with thy dart!

O thou sprite of *Genius rare!*
Pregnant with the Bliss of Heaven!
Dissipating Earth's despair,
And infusing Eden's leaven!
Nevermore shall Life grow dull,
Radiant Guest!—most wonderful!

The Emerald Lizard

(To a little girl's pet lizard.)

LITTLE lizard, lithe and light,
Flashing in the sunshine bright!
How you startle
Dash and sparkle—
Through my range of watchful sight!

What a little witch to play!
How you flash and flame away!
Running fire—
To admire—
But not handle nor waylay!

So I softly step and watch:
It would never do to catch
Such a sprite—
Dainty wight—
That no lightning's tongue can match!

Trembling like some poet's heart
With quick pangs that stream and start—
Glint and glide—
Glance and slide—
Through the colored flowers that part—!

For of all the beams that burn
Eager hearts that pulse and yearn,
Naught I know
With such glow,—
As to lambent Fire you turn!

Emerald Gauze Fly

(Found burnt under a lamp.)

Qoor little gem of light,
With thy gauze wings so slight,
Cerulean clear!
Like raindrop's spangled bow
Or twilight's after-glow
Over the meer.

Like some Greek eerie fay
Humming thy rondelay
To the young moon !
In some font's silver spray,
Where nymphs their limbs lay,
And fair fauns swoon !

Light as a dream—and frail !
Born in the starlight pale,
That could not last !
"Peri" at Heaven's Gate
Thy spirit could not wait,
Thou must *live fast* !

Dropping from Eden's bower
In thy bright passion's hour
Earthward you came.
Scintillant—sacred—minute !
Saw death—and *dashed in it*!
Passed up in Flame.

Bright Diamond

DIAMOND divine!—with eye of *Truth*!
Thou art Life's first fair Light-of-Youth
When pure, serene, it comes from Heaven
Fresh lit—by God's own Genius given!

What brilliance must there ever be
Inherent, deep, inborn in thee!
The shimmer of thy crystal walls
As clear as woodland waterfalls!

Thou art the corner stone of Law,
The oraflamme of Righteous War,
The trenchant Point to Justice' spear,
The aureole of sage and seer!

What radiance on thy royal path!
What majesty thy glorious wrath!
Thy facets clearing their bright Way
With rapier edge and quenchless ray!

O worshipful and wonderful!
Resplendent Pharos beautiful!
Translucent flames of Force Divine
That from the holy planets shine!

Reveal thy solemn mysteries—
Thy vast unflecked infinities!
Led by thy beams imperial strength,
Victorious crown Life's journey's length!

Sapphire Stone

COOL is the blue of thy sheen
Gem of celestial Peace serene,
Facet of frozen fire !
Glacial in Love's desire !
How holdest thou fast thy ray
Since the dawn of that First-Day ?

Thou art a fleck of azure *Sky*
Calmly reserved, translucent, high;
Or a globule of blue
Cerulean in hue,
That the Gods dropped in some lake
Where the young brooklets break;

Where the bright waves ramble and play,
And sun glints the livelong day !
But to fierce crystal ice
Thou art grown in a thrice,
When the frost winds of the North,
And the white snow sallies forth !

Does thy bright edge cut keen and sharp ?
Aye, but thou art *Æolian harp*
Tightly strung and intense
In thy vibrant suspense ;
Till thy heart chords—wild and free—
Hear thy true skies summon thee !

So let thy bright purity flow !
How far—the First Gods, only know !
Let thy radiance shine
Pensive crystal divine !
All the world's woes and cares
Fade where thy bright Blue flares !

The Ruby

PASSIONATE Heart of Flame!
"Ruby-Red"—be thy name!
Crimsoned like blushing rose—
Tho' as *pure* as the snows!
Rich, like blood of the wine
On its lees—to refine!

Thou dost Life's pain transfix
On Love's strong crucifix!
All its tears—all its sighs—
All its deep sacrifice!
All its passions, aglow,
Such as Gods, only, know!

When the Christ stooped his head
And drooped down to the dead
With the wound in his side
From man's blindness and pride;
His blood drop was *caught in thy bowl*
And froze fast in thy soul!

O thou Gem past compare!
Should men *dare* thee to wear?
No! *Mary alone*,
On her sorrow's high throne,
She should wear thee—apart—
On her brow—on her HEART!

Topaz

TOPAZ! Friendly genial stone!
From what realm has radiance shone
So illumined by the Sun?
Surely, where the bright sands run
Yellow gold—by Pactolus—
Or the gemstrewn shore of Indus!

Glorious stone of Health and Joy;
Wealth, Contentment glad Employ;
Cheerful Life and Happiness;
Virtues that the Home shall bless!
Angels bright shall guide his way
Whoso wears thy *Star-of-Day*!

Thou shalt shine within his heart—
Star of Genius! Star of Art!
Stone of many colored rays
That the Magi wear, always.
Beam—like pard's eye in a jungle—
Lest man's foot might trip or bungle!

Beacon light, of wondrous glow,
None, more splendid shall we know!
Throbbing, like the eye of Dawn,
O'er the waving yellow corn!
Kindliest gem, by God's grace given,
Thou shalt shine for us—in *Heaven*!

The Opal

QUICK and changing—thou gem of Emotion!
Scintillant, varying, throbbing and rare!
Catching the shell rays of angelic ocean;
Colors of rainbows—from far upper air!

What may we call thee, thou marvelous meteor,
Dropping to Earth like some Spirit imprisoned?
Pegasus pounded? or Mercury fleeter? or
Fairy fantastic—with moonlight bedizzened?

What are thy attributes—dazzling—wonderful?
Winking and blinking thine eyes like the owl!
Surely, like stormcloud with lightening and thunder
full
Thou art the *Wisdom and Voice of the Soul!*

Thou art Love's fancies—ameleon capricious!
Thou art those pulses that harrow all hearts!
Imagination, divine and delicious;
Thou art the Genius of magical arts!

Thou art the tapis, for Fantasy woven,
Loom webbed by Indian, Persian and Moor;
Fondly by houri and odalisque chosen,
Floating forever from Dream shore to shore!

O to be thine, in thy splendours of Mystery!
Feeding forever the Genius of Mind!
Thou art the current that underlies History
Thou art the Magnet that moveth Mankind!

The Emerald

CALM verdant stone, of "normal" tone,
Where all are harmonized by One !
Where restful peace and quiet joy
And humble life in sweet employ,
Are pictured in thy modest green;
Thou hast the *Key* to Beauty's sheen !

Not trenchant "Law"—astride of Fate;
Not "Passion," bleeding early—late !
Not "Joy" ablaze with dazzling light;
Not "Truth" alone, in frozen white;
But wholesome patient Virtue's power
Redeeming, blessing, *every hour* !

With modest life for every plant;
With bliss and food for bee and ant;
With cheer for butterfly and bird
Whose songs are by the angels heard !
With waving anthems in the breeze,
And twilight through thy minor keys !

Thy feet run by the murmuring Sea,
O'er mountains of Prosperity !
Thou lovest the life of lowing kine;
Thy sap is in the corn and wine;
And all the pain our natures feel
Thou healest with thy chlorophyle !

Spring calls thee from the underworld
When Life's young banner is unfurled.
She loves thy bosom, warm and kind,
And woos thee in the whispering wind;
Soft pillow'd on thy Mother-breast
Man lays him down, at last, *to Rest* !

The Day of Jewels

(“And they shall be mine, saith the Lord, in the day that I shall make up my jewels.”—Bible.)

IN that Day that I gather my jewels
From the ends of the Earth and the seas,
In that Day of Resurgence—Renewals—
When I clasp them in “settings”—to please;

They shall *rise*—they shall *shine*—all *my heroes*!
From far and from near shall they stream!
I shall part them—the Pauls from the Neros!
The wheat from the chaff I’ll redeem!

Hast thou scented, O Earth, *all* my spices?
Hast savored, O Soul, each sweet flower?
Dost discern Life’s Real Truth from devices?
The *essence* of each shrub I dower?

The fragrance of almond from aloe,
The pine from the palm or the date?
The incense of muskrose or mallow
From peach or pomegranate or grape?

Ah, who shall divine, but *The Master*
That wrought them, to brighten His bower?
In the dark Earth they’ve taken their luster,
And gathered their ichor and power!

In the depth of affliction and sorrow
They’ve burnished their Beauty’s renown;
In that Dawn of Eternity’s morrow,
They’ll glisten at last, in His Crown!

Stars

I AWAKE in the depth of the night,
And I rise to my window, to gaze!
All the zenith is shimmered with light,
As I stand, in enraptured amaze,
At the Radiance streaming in bars
Through that crysteline Ether—Those STARS!

I can see brave Orion, with blade
All bespangled with jewels so bright
At his belt—with its diamonds inlaid!
There is Hercules rushing in might!
Swift Boetes! and Cassiopea
As she sits in her gem spangled chair!

There's Venus resplendent in gold,
As she sways in her swan boat of down;
And red Mars, whom her white arms enfold!
There's Lyra! And there is The Crown!
And, fair dance the Pleiades, seven,
Through the scintillant maze of Midheaven!

There's Luna—the fairest of all—
In her daintiest frailest of boats,
Sailing forth; and they come at her call
As through dreamland she flutters and floats!
O what is the Meaning of *skies*?
And whence comes the *Magic of eyes*?

Take from me your wisdom and gold,
Take from me your robes and your wine;
But take not the tale that is told
By the light of those jewels divine!
I can brave the base world and its scars,
But I must have—I must have—my STARS!

Watch Night

In the warm evening's pulse,
In the long after glow,
As the sun rolleth low
Down the slope of the hill
Where the wild flowers blow;
The sweet whippoorwill
With his sorrow's impulse,
Singeth low—singeth low—singeth low—

Of the days sad decline;
Of the fast falling years;
Of those soft falling tears
Like the dew of the night
On the flower—that sears;
Or the snow, falling white
When the thread of Life's flax doth un-
twine;
And the shears?—O the shears! Ah those
shears!

Then I gather my garlands
Once more to my heart,
Ere the petals shall part;
And my robe is unrolled
Where they quiet its smart;
And the night winds unfold
Their sweet fragrance—from woodlands
So old! yes so old! O so old!—

And the Heart of the Earth
Plainteth soft to my heart:
"O we lovers must part,
But our fragrance shall last
Past the pain and the dart!
Past the pennon—half mast!—
And shall flame to new Birth!
To New Birth!"

So the stars tremble bright
As I glance up on high,
Through the branches so nigh
Of the dark shadowed trees;
And the bright firefly
Like my soul—soars to seize
Their Magic! their Music! their Light!
O their Magic and Light!

February Thaws

Now the longer sunbeam bends;
Green oases pierce the snow;
Hear the cackle of the hens
And the old red rooster crow!
Now the pullets croon and sing—
Sure premonitors of Spring!

And they prune, and dream, and talk
Of the eggs that they will lay;
And they pick their steps and stalk
Through the farmyard, toward the hay;
And the young cocks flirt and prance
Casting many a sidelong glance.

Every green tipped bud and branch
Seems to redden and to glow;
Over all the drowsy ranch
Melts and drips the streaming snow.
And you see the young sap, lush,
Tingling through each blade and bush.

Ah shy lovers—check thy heat
Till the Spring is nearer far!
Wait till young Apollo's feet
Mount with strength His golden car!
Now he only grooms his steeds
For their race through flowery meads.

He will blanket them in ice,
And will feed them still, with fire!
Hold their forces in his vise,
Till he fill them with Desire!
Then, when vanisheth the snow,
He will bid his coursers—“Go”!

So I see The Hand of Fate
Hold Full Freedom back—in chains;
Till strong Zeal with Wisdom mate,
And Her Power by Prudence gains.
Then *full armed* with Victory
She shall make *Her Grand Sortie!*

Indian Summer

("Wine on the lee—well refined.")

O wooing Earth! why dost thou still enchant
Our weary frames, that with the year is sad?
How is it that our breasts with rapture pant?
How is it that our hearts with hope grow glad?
Why dost thou whisper, still, of Eden's peace?
Why is it, true Love's longing cannot cease?

Wilt thou forever lure our souls to dream,
And sigh and faint for bowers of bliss below;
When sorrow warns that Joy doth only "seem,"
And even Will lies prostrate to Care's blow?
Why canst thou not thy victims lay to rest
Within the quiet surcease of Earth's Breast?

Hast thou some message *still for Love to hear*?
Some final Vow of Faith *we yet must share*?
Shall Indian Summer *ripen fruit more dear*?
Are there *bright flowerets yet* our soil must bear?
Is there some sweetness yet—*exquisite joy*—
That waits the weary Womb of Life to cloy?

Shall "Sarah," yet, a nobler offspring see?
And Abram clasp a Scion to his lip?
Is this the Wine of Life upon the lee?
Is there Divine Elixir still to sip?
God grant Completeness!—through his heavenly grace!
Then let us sleep in Peace—within our Place!

Autumn's Sighing

Now the hazy woodland glows
With the years rich full repose,
And the softly sighing breeze
Strips the colors from the trees.

Now the leaves fly off in flocks
Like the swallows and the rooks!

Crisp the dry corn crackles, now,
Toppling forward in each row;
Every veteran in the breeze
Tottering on his aged knees;
Breaking ranks to form in groups
Like some homeward staggering troupes!

See the leaders, lean and tall,
Clasping hands in fear to fall!
Still their yellow pennons flying;
At their feet the pumpkins lying,
Like some gory bombs of battle
Within which the seed balls rattle.

Overhead, the sky, in tatters
Streams and eddies; closes, scatters;
Opening rifts of heavenly vision
Through each drift and cloud incision;
Till the mind is lost in mazes,
And the flux of color dazes!

See the bent form of the plowman!
Hear the milk call of the cowman!
One the winter wheat is sowing;
For the other, cows are lowing;
And the milk pails lightly tinkle;
And the few far snowflakes sprinkle!

With them come the snowbirds calling;
And the ripened chesnuts falling;
And the apples turn to cider,
And the landscape opens wider
With the leaves and fruit departing
And the loaded wagons starting!

Bright within the savory kitchen
Sit the children—"fingers twitchin'!"
While each hungry little belly
Covets apple sauce and jelly,
And the fragrant marmalade
That the cook and Ma have made!

Now the brush fire crackles gaily,
And we draw up closer daily;
Till the west wind, softly sighing,
Whispers low: "*The year is dying*"!
Now—*Old Time no more may reap!*
So we drop, with Him—*asleep!*

Twilight Psalm

COME view with me the sinking Earth retire
Mid all those golden glories of the skies!
And watch the dying Sun—that globe of fire,
Salute the silver moon beams that arise !

Through darkly solemn branches they suspire,
And pour their palid splendor on our eyes !

Come bend with me, at sylvan hour of prayer,
While Nature watches, too, with lips apart;
And myriad voices, murmuring through the air,
Exhale the trembling Music of Her Heart !

When, blending songs of hope with days despair,
She spreads the matchless palette of Her Art.

O voices of the sunset and the hills!
O spirit of the moonbeams and the sea !
O anthems of the meadows and the rills !
O vesper songs of forest and of lea !
O Life of God—that every creature thrills
With powers of growing Progress, yet to be !

Behold I would Thy vernal Druid be,
And build to Thee this "menhir" of my song—
Graved deep with lines of magic minstrelsy,
A barrier bold 'gainst Mammon old and Wrong—
A "rallying Rock" for them that would be *free*!
A Talisman to hero hearts and strong !

A watch fire on the worlds wide waste of life;
A beacon light to summon on the brave ;
To rouse the groveling Earth to nobler strife
And melt the bonds of error from the slave.

To fan the spirit's wings—with genius rife,
And wake the silent Voices of the grave !

To spread the sails of Beauty's bark—unfurled;
And herald, still, with trumpet call of Hope !
Extend the light of Wisdom 'round the world ;
And give to MIND a purer glance and scope !

Unsheath Apollo's shaft—like lightening hurled;
And bind the Earth to Heaven—with rainbowed
rope !

HIGH PRIEST OF NATURE !—speak Her Truth at
ease ;

Stand thou apart from Ravin, Rage and Wreck;
Suspend Her sacred garlands to thy knees ;
Entwine Her holy fillets 'round thy neck !

"Priest of the Most High God and Prince of Peace !
Anointed order of Melchizedek !"

The White Rose and the Red

(Gardens of Tai Mahal Tomb, India.)

'D EATH the moon and stars, aglow,
 Magic towers of marble rise;
Murmuring fountains overflow
 Into depths of mirrored skies!
Shah Jehan hath laid, to rest,
 Arjamand, *his Royal Love*;
The idol of his kingly heart,
 The Orient's *tenderest dove*!

Odors waft through ghostly halls,
 Terraced bowers and trellised court;
Lotus bulbs—whence incense falls;
 Alabaster walls inwrought!
Gold and gem and precious stone
 Sparkle to the midnight stars;
Where minaret and melting dome
 Rise through the moonlight bars!

Not a voice disturbs the dead;
 Not a step stirs Eden's peace;
Here the camels halt their tread;
 At this Gate all murmurs cease!
Soft, alone, at midnight hour,
 Hark! the bulbul's *Love Song* floats
To the throbbing Passion Flower!
 And the sobbing River notes!

Pearly dome—like Heaven's above !
Jasper floors—like Paradise !
Symbols of *Immortal Love*—
Like the fountain's weeping eyes !
Hark !—I hear *her* Spirit sing
In that Song of Nightingale !
The fanning of her seraph wing
Glints through the moonlight pale !

Oh ! *my heart*—not eye—must scan
This *true lover's sepulchre* !
Graven texts of Alcoran,
Opal, onyx, alol, fir !
Lo ! I guess, through Night's glamour,
That wan White Rose from The Red !
The White's the *one that went before*
The Red's the *lover—dead* !

Soul of all this Life of ours !
Harbinger of Life Divine !
Up through jewels, spice and flowers,
Chanting bird and clambering vine ;
Up through river, mountain, moor,
Unto cloud, and star, and moon,
Love is—man's divinest dower !
Faith's—God's brightest Boon !

The Highest Call

Often times we sigh and say: "My home is mine—
I must create the offspring of my frame;
I must preserve the honor of my name;
For lo! some day, some one of these *may shine!*"

But then we hear a Voice, within the Soul,
A spirit cry: "O man! all flesh is grass!
And like the stuble dry, hath bloomed to pass!
Time turns it down—like an inverted bowl!"

"Nay then"—a Voice of Larger Life exclaims:
"Thou child of flesh—Eternity is long!
Immortal Life awaits Immortal Song!
Immortal Thought Immortal Deed acclaims!

And so today, tho' old in fading flesh,
And withering locks slow whiten on thy brow,
Take Heart! the Holiest Hours of Life are Now!
And Loftiest Voices wake thy harp afresh!

Experience and Culture

EXPERIENCE is the rugged path,
Bestrewn with rocks and thorns of wrath,
By which Great Nature, strong and stern,
Compells our Ignorance to learn
What griefs attend—what woes befall
The child who will not heed Her call.

But *Culture* is Her Kinder Voice,
By which she bids our steps rejoice,
Whene'er we walk in Wisdom's way,
Nor from Her paths of Duty stray.
For Culture is the garnered Sense
Of all Life's long Experience—!

Poor child of man! this watchword know;
Nor shun its light—its afterglow—
As sadly o'er thy path of pain,
Each step of Progress thou shalt gain.
Believe and hope and trust thy God!
Sweet Fruit grows on His blossoming Rod!

The Road to the Evening Star

OVER the dreary plains of Life,
And weary fields of Art,
I wandered long, through the senseless strife
That fills the greedy mart;
To find, at length, my ONE TRUE LIGHT
To guide my steps, afar;
And shine, at night, a beacon bright,
A Path to The Evening Star.

I found it not in Learning's lore,
Nor yet in travelled lands;
Nor where the world's ambitions soar
Through work of skillful hands;
I found it not in pomp nor power;
Nor yet in wealth or fame;
But in my VISION—at evening hour—
When *to myself*, I came!

There, in *my Own Heart's* solemn depths,
When Twilight whispered low,
My silent tryste with *Nature* kept,
In Autumn's golden glow!
When harvest moon was trembling late
O'er woodlands stretching far,
I found *my "Gate"* with its *Keys to Fate*
And my "Road to The Evening Star!"

The Singer

THE Singer sings—and passes on his way;
He takes no note of Time—by night nor day—
He has "His QUEST"—*to sing his Rondelay!*

Across the void his magic arrows fly;
They glance on mount and moor; they pierce the sky;
Fall on the cottage floor and by the fountain lie!

His quiver trembles full! his bow is strung!
He presses onward yet—*his Heart is Young!*
He still *must sing his Song!* he hath no other tongue!

Forgive him then, if yet his faltering voice
Falls on thy ear—he hath no other choice!
He hails the Christmas Morn, and bids the Earth
"Rejoice!"

"The Earth"?—ah yes! that laggard dull of ear!
That greets all Sibyl leaves with flout and jeer!
Sneer on! Yet still the Christ-truths Reappear!

Au Revoir

A LITTLE Love!—a little Light!
Then onward through the starry Night!
To silver Moon!—to golden Sun!
When Man's brief Earth-born Race is run!
But evermore!—forever dear!
Is Love—and those who loved us here!



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